

SOUTHERN POEMS

F. E. BUTLER





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F. E. Butler.

SOUTHERN POEMS

BY

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no 1

To
MY MOTHER, MRS. LOUISA BUTLER,

AND TO

MY AUNTS, S. M. SULLIVAN

AND

M. V. SULLIVAN,

Who, after my mother's death,
reared and educated me,

AND

MY WIFE, MRS. LAURA P. BUTLER.

F. E. BUTLER.

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF
MISS S. M. SULLIVAN,

Whose consistent life and loving service
have been
a perpetual benediction to me

J. M. BOYLE

HOUSTON, TEXAS,
Feb. 11th, 1923

PREFACE

This book is a part of the product of a life very busy until the last few years, when ill health and other contingencies enforced a period of comparative idleness. A few of the poems have been published, but the great majority of them have lain fallow, accumulating into this collection. I am keenly aware of their imperfection, but possibly not so much so, as the critical eyes, which, I trust, will do me the honor of their perusal.

I have named the collection "Southern Poems" because I have tried to embody in it somewhat of the distinct flavor of our Southern life and thought. But I disclaim any tinge of sectionalism, for I am loyal to the entire Union. The publication of this book is made possible by the grateful generosity of Mr. J. M. Boyle of Houston, Texas, as a Memorial to my aunt, Miss S. M. Sullivan, who at his mother's death took him to her heart and home. This she did for four orphans, three of whom have shown a proper appreciation. The fourth merits no notice here. To Mr. Boyle is hereby extended my grateful appreciation.

The notation for airs composed by myself to accompany two poems was transcribed by Prof. V. O. Stamps of this city. I tender to him my sincere thanks.

PREFACE

My obligation is hereby acknowledged to the Plimpton Press, of Norwood, Mass., for the excellent mechanical finish of the volume.

F. E. BUTLER.

Jacksonville, Texas,
Feb. 11, 1923.

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SOUTHERN POEMS

THE CRITICS

TOMORROW the Critics will begin;
Who are the Critics? you ask;
'Tis the bunch who think you cannot win
Unless you have done their task.

They have said this thing three thousand years,
They have blamed and praised by turns;
But the bards have thrived on crusts and tears
From Homer to Keats and Burns.

Tomorrow, the Critics may find out
Perhaps, that you have a song;
If you have something to sing about,
Sing, whether right or wrong.

Your tune may wobble, now high, now low,
You may miss some notes of the staff,
But sing from your heart and let it go;
The Critics will clap and laugh.

Pegasus flies not with bridle on
Nor a cranked Muse ever sings;
Whenever they soar o'er Helicon
They must rise on their own free wings.

Go, then, little book, with smiling face,
Nor try to explain or frown;

Give thanks for the words of blame or praise
From Men of the Cap and Gown.

Then here's to the Critic whoever he be,
'Ere he read this book of mine:—
I drain my goblet, good Friend, to thee
In rich old Falernian wine.

ANGELS OF MEMORY

A TEMPLE I built in the long, long ago
Is standing in beauty supreme,
Where the splendors of springtime are always
 aglow
And the flowers of Eden eternally blow,
And life in that temple a dream.

'Tis a temple no eye but my own may behold,
No vandal its shrine may invade;
Its cloisters of silence my loved ones enfold,
Its altar is lighted by candles of gold
And its holiness never can fade.

To its sanctum sanctorum I go all alone
When the night shuts the world from my view;
For the Angels of Memory holy have grown
In the service of love through the years that have
 flown
And daily that service renew.

How often I yearn for the eyes' vivid glow
Now obscured by the mist of the sea,
For the touch of a hand with a thrill that I know,
For the sound of a voice of the long, long ago,
And the lips that were heaven to me.

They cannot come back from the land of the leal,
From the place that we call Paradise;
But oh, what a joy in their presence I feel
When I know that they live in the realm of the real
And all tears have been wiped from their eyes.

Thank God for the temple where memory dwells
And thanks for its altar aglow,
For the hope that we have as a breeze that impels
Our wings toward the sky; for the promise which
tells
That they live whom we loved long ago.

THE DEAD MOCKING-BIRD

SWEET songster, thou art dead,
Stretched cold and stiff and mute upon the
ground;
Thy fellows in abysmal shades around
Will not be comforted.

Thy sombre, songless mate
Above thee sits repining all the day,
Unspoken grief more gracious than the lay
Poured forth in love of late.

But yesterday thy voice
With liquid music thrilled the evening air;
Now death's rude hand has silenced everywhere
The woodland's mystic noise.

How strange, indeed, it seems,
Thy lyric notes so full of melody,
Vibrant with love and choral harmony
Live but in memory's dreams.

The wondrous nightingale
Has but one theme, and yields her crown to thee
Who singest all songs of wildwood minstrelsy,
If mirth or grief prevail.

No teacher e'er was thine
Save the deep rumblings of the stormy sky,
Or evening winds as they went singing by
Through groves of spicy pine.

Thou hast a thousand times,
Where honeysuckle blooms and jasmine meet,
Poured through the air the listener's ear to greet
Thy soul's melodious chimes.

'Neath rose-encumbered bower,
Whose languid odors lave the dreamy air,
Enraptured lovers blessing thee declare
The witchery of thy power.

Or, when in joy complete
With glowing eyes and whispered words of love,
Two hearts made one, thou bidst them constant
 prove
With Cupid's music sweet.

The lusty skylark strong
Soars to the upper air where all is bright
And on exultant wings he greets the light
With his imperial song.

But thou, our Southern bird,
Bringest when midnight shadows round us spread,
Where weeping eyes watch o'er the placid dead,
The music thou hast heard

Amid the waving trees—
The symphonies of nature 'neath the cloud;
Thou charmest away the terrors of the shroud
Bringing the mourners' peace.

On gory battle-fields,
Where Southern heroes built their Hall of Fame
And honor lights its shrine with sacred flame,
Thy song pure incense yields.

Surely, Almighty Love,
Who filled thy voice with ecstasy divine,
Has for his glory willed for thee and thine
To sing in choirs above.

Dear feathered friend, farewell!
Within the garden thou shalt rest in peace,
And when the springtime showers bring their in-
crease
'Neath roses thou shalt dwell.

And many a time at eve,
When flowers perfume the mellow, moonlit air,
I'll think of thee, as thou art sleeping there,
And for thy vespers grieve.

THE GAMBLERS

I WAS a staunch Republican
And she a blooming Democrat,
And each prepared to back his man
With cash—no, we had none of that.

Besides, we knew there was a law
And that the jail would be our fate;

But when two want to gamble, pshaw!
Who ever saw them hesitate?

And then I said, "I'll bet on Taft
And you on Wilson risk your luck";
I saw her smile; of course, I laughed
For we had both been reading Puck.

"You bet on Jumbo then," she said,
"And see how far you'll go amiss";
"Go it on Grandma, pretty maid,
The penalty shall be a kiss."

Then, busy with my daily dues
To right and left I quickly sped;
At ten, Jones said, "It's splendid news!
Republicans are far ahead."

And so I hurried with the news
That fell on Sue with awful crash;
She said she would no debt refuse—
And then I made the entry, Cash.

At twelve I heard the telephone,
A sizzle—pop! as if the cork
From champagne bottle high had flown—
"Tom, Democrats have swept New York."

It filled my heart with deep dismay,
But still, I was to honor true;
I hurried up my debt to pay
And got "Receipted" signed by Sue.

At three, I got a telegram,
The gladdest one I ever saw,
(I hereby give the Mormons palm)
"Republicans have swept Utah!"

Again I hurried up the street
And showed the telegram to Sue,
She wept, but hopeful still and sweet.
Again I balanced, No. 2.

At six, the grand finale came,
Then rang the furious phone anew:—
“Tom, Wilson is the winner’s name,
Do not forget your debt is due.”

And standing by the banister
Radiant with joy as angel looks,
I checked my losses up with her;
She said, “We now will close the books.”

And, as I turned and started from
Her with political regrets,
She said, “We both are honest, Tom,
For we have paid our gambling debts.”

THE POET

THE Poet is divine; his heritage
Is not like other men’s of gold or land;
For linked by centuries
Of inspiration he feels indeed
His kinship to the gods.
He is their breath, their symbol and their will,
And their interpreter. His thoughts
Are tinged with fury or delight,
Just as the bow reflects the tints
Of light upon the cloud
Or rims the tempest round.

The Poet is immortal; ’tis his dower
To claim all ages as his own

And walk untouched
Amid the ruins of remorseless time.
He sees the wreck of empires,
Cities buried and forgotten,
And gilded palaces, whence kings
Sent forth their minions of a day,
Become the home of bitterns and of bats.
He hears still echoing through their solitudes
The inarticulate mumblings of the wise,
The shibboleth of vanity and fools,
The empty jargon of philosophy
Changing with every moon,
All clanging vapid incoherence
Drifting to nebulous infinity.

The Poet is omniscient; every sun
And every little star pour forth their light
Upon the dark arcana
Of all the universe for him.
And thus the shrouding shadows of the Past
Become as luminous as the day,
And thus the souls of men
Pass in review before his lustrous sight,
And error's hideous deformity
No longer blinds the holiness of truth.

The Poet sees all things;
The clouds that shut out heaven from other men
Are messengers to him of wondrous force
That builds and beautifies,
Curtains that shroud the glory of the skies
From stark intrusion, hedged about
By lightnings glare and thunder-peal.
The winds loquacious as they pass
Tell him of verdant moors or bosky dales
When mellow notes of birds responsive

Sound to joyous waterfalls, and flowers
Mingle their fragrance with the moonlit air.

The Poet is omnipresent; his long wings
Speeding unseen through paths ethereal
Bear him to where the primal light
Glowed fresh through Eden's bowers.
He saw the dual horns of the first moon
That rose above the tinted clouds
O'er the Euphrates. He beheld
The Serpent's sneer and the revolving sword
Hard by the Garden's gate. He stood
With Joshua when the lifted hand
Forbade the hastening sun
Till he subdued the sons of Amalek.
He was with Socrates when that great soul
Triumphed through death, and he beheld
Great Cæsar victim of his own ambition,
And Antony and Cleopatra's love.

His grave is full of light; no darkness
Can hide the halo of bay-leaves
That rests in glory on his brow,
Nor death revoke the secrets
The Muses whispered on his natal day.
And he will sing in dim Valhalla's shades
For demi-gods and heroes of the earth.
'Tis thus the gods decree.
So mote it be.

A MADRIGAL

HOW oft I think of bygone days
As with bait and pole arrayed
I hastened along the forest ways
Through paths the cattle made.

And as the dogwoods waved their snow
In April by the stream,
In the scented air I used to go
And dream and fish and dream.

And when the brook went rippling by
With the springtime winds above,
I would think of her till the earth and sky
Were redolent of my love.

And many a time with the dawn aglow,
When dew from the leaves dripped down,
I have dropped a line to my friends below—
But not by the post in town.

And the painted cork would disappear
Or bob in the whirling stream,
When a hungry trout in the water clear
Would splash, and disturb my dream.

Then the red-buds flamed in the smoky air
As though they were dipped in blood
And the wood-peck drummed his hole up there
Where the leafless pine tree stood.

And the peach-trees sat like a crown of gold
On the rim of the distant hill,
While the rocks like sentinels of old
Stood guard by the ruined mill.

And the buckeye burned with crimson light
Of fire at the dawn of day,
While the gray-beards hung their tassels white
O'er the hills at the birth of May.

Those were the days I wished to fish
And the days the fish wished me

And I'd give the fish if the girl I wish
A fisherman's wife would be.

Ah! April days are the days for me,
For the grass and the budding grove;
Goodbye to the bird and the fish and the bee!
I'm going to see my love.

CONTENTMENT (After Horace)

HAPPY the man who daily lives
On his paternal plot
Contented with what labor gives
Nor murmurs at his lot.

He needs no wide extended plain
Nor forest thick with trees;
The lure of cities he disdains
And wealth's inglorious ease.

He has no great and useless store
Of hoarded gold or grain,
But, still, the latch-string of his door
Is never pulled in vain.

No boon does he from fortune ask
Nor slights those she has given;
Each day he ends some humble task
And leaves the rest to heaven.

No guilty secret in his breast
Can cause his feet to roam;
He has no grief for what is past
Nor fears of what may come.

No vast ambition e'er beguiles
His mind with glory's themes,
Nor beauty's evanescent smiles
Arouse love's transient dreams.

No meretricious praise he seeks
Nor fears the critic's eye;
The plain, unvarnished truth he speaks
And hates the gilded lie.

Where lives the virtuous, earnest thought
Or grand, heroic deed,
In that enduring shrine are wrought
His culture and his creed.

No words has he that would deride
The good by others done,
No trumpet's blare to publish wide
The peace that he has won.

His father's grave is on the hill,
His mother's by his side,
And with them, when his heart is still
In death, he will abide.

He often utters a short prayer
For those he loved so dear,
Nor does he wish that he were there,
Nor yet, that they were here.

Thus living, his last days will be
Like some bright evening star
That gently sinks beneath the sea
But sends its beams afar.

MY BOOKS

I LOVE my Books, who does not love
To have such friends abound?
Friends who each day their value prove
And more than kings are crowned.

They have the glamor of the great
And rich the thoughts they speak;
Some mirror Rome's imperial state
And some the glorious Greek.

Some our vocal organs wrench
With German gutturals,
Some clip their words with rhythmic French
Which every sense enthralls.

And all around like Pharic lights
The men of our own blood
Invite to their serene delights
And deathless brotherhood.

How nobly they abide with me,
These friends of many years;
Though I of them forgetful be
They share my smiles and tears.

How often unto them I go
Whose words my ear attends,
Who speak the candid truths they know
And have no selfish ends.

Though I neglect them for a while
Or thoughtless pass them by,
They always greet me with a smile
Nor ask the reason why.

And when I reach and take them down
Happy or filled with cares,
They have no half concealèd frown
Or patronizing airs.

With calm disinterestedness
Whate'er the subject be
They shed their light but never press
Conclusions upon me.

And those who once were hostile, now
Forget the martial art
With laurels on each radiant brow
And peace in every heart.

Historian, philosopher
And poet gladly bring
Their treasures and as friends confer
With tinker and with king.

Here preachers of the sacred Word
And those who disbelieved
Together dwell in sweet accord
Nor each with other grieved.

And they who wore the martyr's crown
And they who set the fire
In sweet complacency look down
Nor cherish grief nor ire.

'Tis strange that we who here abide
And strive for selfish ends
Should fear to cross death's turbid tide
To join our waiting friends.

For light eternal on them sheds
Its rays, and night dispels,

And glory circles round their heads
Her crown of immortelles.

And when my sands of life are run,
My soul will dwell in peace
If I but find, when I am gone,
Sweet fellowship with these.

PARIS AND HELEN

'T WAS in the fabled long ago, when history
was young,
When mighty deeds of demigods by noble bards
were sung,
Then Menelāus gathered up a hundred thousand
men
To punish perjured Paris and bring Helen home
again.

For Paris had defiled his home and, hence, defied
his throne
And Menelāus took an oath by blood he should
atone,
Though well he knew the Olympian gods in battle
would divide
With some for the avenging Greeks and some on
Trojan side.

Two years they spent in building ships and drilling
their cohorts
With spear and shield and battle-ax, and vied in
manly sports,
And many a Spartan helmet fell upon Euboean
ground
Or Attic sword-thrust in the joust a dark Mes-
senian found.

By day becalmed, they tacked about and brawny
sailors rowed,
By night they scudded with the wind as bright
Arcturus glowed,
Now by Polaris' silver light they sought the north-
ern skies,
Now eastward while Orion's flames from midnight
suns arise.

They sail the wide Aegean as Bacchantes in a dream
In slender oaken battle-ships hewn out without a
seam,
A vast Armada went they forth among the Isles
of Greece
Past which the Argonauts had sailed to seek the
Golden Fleece.

They sing the love they left behind, the maids that
for them weep,
The matrons toiling and the dreams of little ones
asleep,
While Chiron chants the stars above, each con-
stellation's name,
Which Jason and Medea had heard and praised
with loud acclaim.

At length, near Tenedos and Troy their eyes be-
hold the land
Where the Scamander pours his flood adown the
golden sand,
Where Venus pierced by earthly love in good An-
chises' home
Preserved the royalty of Troy, the hope of future
Rome.

Around the fated city's walls and on Mount Ida's
brow,

Where Paris oft had led his sheep, the Greek's are
marching now
And Trojan eyes behold the flare of cities burning
near
But Hector reads the doom of Troy told Priam
by the seer.

With shouts the eager Greeks advance at Agamem-
non's word
And soon Protesilāus falls by Hector's shining
sword,
By Zeus revived he joins his wife and with her dies
again,
By prophecy fulfilled, they live in elm-trees of the
plain.

Nine years in vain the Achaeans strive to scale the
Trojan wall
And Teucer, Neoptolemus behold their heroes fall,
For Tithonus and Memnon hurl defiance to the foe
While shades Dardanian o'er the Styx to gloomy
Orcus go.

How oftentime where Eros is, there too, will Eris
be;
Ulysses' love will ever live for pure Penelope,
But Agamemnon's shadow falls across Achilles'
path
And dread Apollo's silver bow will twang for
Thetis' wrath.

Now Paris sends a challenge to the noblest of his
foes,
And by the herald he demands the honor he be-
stows,
To Menelāus, Ajax, to Idomeneus of Crete,
To furious Achilles in a combat him to meet.

But Helen sits before the loom her history to weave
With golden thread; anon she stops to drop a tear
and grieve,
When thinks she of Mycaenae and her husband de-
solate—
But Iris comes to lead her to the marble Scaean
gate.

There Hecuba and Priam sit with Helen o'er the
gate
To see if Mars or Juno will decide her dubious
fate,
And as the Argive heroes hurry each one to his
place
She points them out to Priam as she hides her
blushing face.

The hostile lines are soon arrayed upon the dusty
plain
And beauteous Paris hastens to erase dishonor's
stain,
For, with unerring aim his spear strikes Menelāus'
shield,
While Menelāus breaks his sword but drags him
from the field.

The prize was Helen and the wealth that she had
brought to Troy
And the Achaeans thunder forth their loud, torna-
dic joy;
But Aphrodite in a mist bears Paris high above
To Helen, whom she first upbraids then soothes
with tender love.

Then, as the winds of Eolus within the cave con-
tained

Break through the bounds by Neptune set and rav-
age unrestrained;
So now, the Greeks go raging forth with awful
strepitude;
The Trojans hurl them reeling back by martial
might endued.

Two days, the gods inspiring them, the battle must
proceed,
And soon Aeneas falls beneath the blows of Dio-
mede;
But Venus shrouds her fallen son in shining veil
arrayed
And wounded seeks Olympian heights and good
Dione's aid.

Now Mars descends upon the field which Tydides
had won;
The Greeks perceiving this retreat pursued by Sar-
pedon,
Enraged Minerva then appears to lead them forth
again
And wounded Mars gives up the fight and bellows
loud with pain.

The noble Hector hastens home to bid the women
pray,
But Paris there he boldly chides that he with them
should stay;
And young Astyanax he holds to his paternal breast
And bids Andromache farewell, his fate her tears at-
test.

Achilles sulks within his tent, nor aids the beaten
Greeks,
Though Agamemnon makes amends and reconcile-
ment seeks,

Until Patroclus speaks to him of wounded Machaon
And that Ulysses, Diomedes were overthrown and
gone.

And then Patroclus sallies forth, Achilles' armor on,
And like a raging lion seeks and slays great Sar-
pedon,
But Hector in his chariot speeds, Hector who
knows no fear,
Enraged, Patroclus pierces through with his white,
ashen spear.

Achilles learning this cries out, is heard in deepest
sea,
And Thetis hurries to inquire what grievance there
could be;
Then fearing lest he hasten to avenge Patroclus'
fate
She speeds to busy Vulcan a new armor to create.

Just as the evening stars go down beneath the
western skies,
So now the light benign must fade from dying Hec-
tor's eyes;
His body by Achilles chained to his victorious car
Twice drags he round Patroclus' tomb and then
round Troy afar.

Polyxena, the beautiful enthralls Achilles' eyes,
The son of Thetis dipped in Styx, a hero but not
wise,
For in Apollo's temple he enclosed in shining steel
Was pierced by Paris' fatal dart and wounded in
the heel.

By Thetis' wish a contest rose, Achilles' arms the
prize,

And by Minerva's arts they pass into Ulysses wise;
But fair Polyxena is slain amid her youthful bloom
A Trojan sacrifice upon her Grecian lover's tomb.

And now fair Ilium falls by stealth which valor
failed to win,
The Greeks withdrawn to Tenedos, the Wooden
Horse brought in;
The raging foes her palaces with fire and sword de-
stroy;
But Love's immortal Epic lives to light the gloom
of Troy.

What though their joys were sanctified by no con-
nubial grace
Of mumbling priest in garish glare or dithyrambic
lays?
One universal law obtained and ever will obtain—
Fate made them one, love kept them one, until
death made them twain.

With creaking, weather-beaten prows the Greeks
the billows spurn,
But Diomede, Achilles and Ajax will not return;
And back to far Mycaenae Menelāus Helen brings
While Clytemnestra slays her lord whose sorrows
Homer sings.

Farewell, good Priam, Hecuba, Polyxena; farewell
Andromache, Astyanax, whose doom the gods com-
pel;
How Iūlius and Aeneas flee the burning city's fate
Through Juno's wrath to infant Rome, let Virgil's
muse relate.
Beyond the fiery Phlegethrōn their souls in Hades
dwell

With Pluto and Proserpina in meads of asphodel,
 Or in Elysian Fields where blow soft Zephyrs from
 the west
 And righteous Rhadamanthus rules in Islands of
 the Blest.

SOME DAY

SOME day, some day, some happy day,
 A ship will sail with us away
 To distant bourne,
 Beyond the breakers' monotone
 Will anchor in a sunlit zone
 And not return.

Some day, some day, some happy day,
 The things for which we watch and pray
 'Neath heaven's blue,
 Will dawn upon our raptured eyes
 And fill our souls with sweet surprise,
 And all be true.

Some day, some day, some happy day,
 We'll hear the blessèd Master say
 "You have been true,
 Come hither, my Belovèd, come
 To mansions in my Father's home
 Prepared for you."

ROBERT E. LEE

HATS off! Here comes a real man,
 Prince of the world is he,
 A typical American,
 The Southland's Robert Lee.

No boast makes he of princely blood
Or knightly chivalry;
His royalty is gift of God
Although a Bruce is he.

Where best and bravest souls have won
A martial pedigree
With Grant and Jackson, Washington,
Stands the immortal Lee.

No tyrant power or puppet crown
Nor empire wide sought he;
For such there was Olympian frown
From our own Robert Lee.

When duty called for sacrifice
And when the choice was free,
He met the challenge once and twice
With matchless majesty.

Amid the giants of the earth
A Jovian name has he,
His greatness measured by his worth—
Our own, our peerless Lee.

Where history blazons the great page
Of immortality
With name of hero, saint or sage,
The first is Robert Lee.

THE CANARY

DEAR little canary,
Thy morning song
So light and airy
I would prolong.

SOUTHERN POEMS

When day is breaking,
 Thou little bird,
 Sweet memories waking
 By thee are stirred.

Of late, I've thought me
 Of days gone by,
 And thou hast taught me
 The reason why.

The songs thou art singing
 The past recall,
 Loved memories bringing
 From darkened hall.

In fragrant bowers
 I bid thee sing
 To evening hours
 Still lingering.

Goodbye, sweet singer;
 In pleasure, pain,
 Thou canst not bring Her
 To me again.

THE PROPOSAL

(Mrs. Nina Isabel Jennings—Ewing)

I SAID to darling Nina,
 "I'm going soon to China;
 If you will go
 Pray tell me so,
 If not, I'll marry Dinah."

Said she, "You horrid feller,
 Have you but just to tell her

As you've told me
To ready be
And by such words compel her?"

Lest I should take a tumble
I spoke in words more humble;
"Oh, dearest, no,
Don't take it so,
Nor let your anger rumble."

"Too long have we now tarried
Such plans have oft miscarried"—
Said she, "I know,
Tell Daddy so,
Next week we will be married."

"We'll walk straight or oblique in-
To every joy in Peking,
Pagoda's walls
Or palace halls
We'll go and spend a week in.

"We'll see the imperial bruin,
The Great Wall and its ruin;
On the Yang-ste-kiang
We'll dance to the gong,
And ride in a blimp with Tu-an.

"We'll sail o'er Canton gliding
With Ah Sin safely guiding,
To the Ho-ang-Ho
We'll surely go
In a rickety rickshaw riding.

"We'll fish for the ichthyosaurus—"
"Oh, will they fry one for us?"

No, no," said I,
 "We'll live on pie
 And the tongue of a Texan taurus.

"We'll go where they are excavating
 Some ancient records dating
 To the days of Adam—"

"Oh, I thought they had 'em!"

"No, they were exaggerating.

"No sight shall you see ruder
 Than ivory bust of Buddha,
 And Cupid be
 To you and me
 Each day the sole intruder."

She: "We'll chatter the Chinese lingo,
 And to the Tomb of the Ming go,
 We'll go in a whirl
 On a trip round the world"—
 "And we'll draw on your Dad, by jingo!"

A MEDITATION

THE long, hot day is ended,
 The sun's refulgent rim
 Into the night descended
 Sends streamers after him,
 And blue and saffron billows
 Pierce through the misty pillows
 That hang like weeping willows
 O'er chasms vast and dim.

I look down on the city
 Where discord reigns supreme
 For insane greed, oh pity,

It takes no time to dream;
But crazed by mad endeavor
It hurries on and ever
And Beauty's voice can never
Call to the life supreme.

Far out beyond the regions
Where clouds and sunbeams cease
The stars in endless legions
Reflect their silent peace.
And as we look, we wonder
What laws they must live under,
Life, death the peace or thunder
Of myriad mysteries.

Are those bright worlds immortal?
Who lit their quenchless fires?
Or are they but the portal
To vast funereal pyres
Which have burned on for ages
Where pandemonium rages,
Nor heaven nor hell assuages
Their unappeased desires.

Or are they sown with order
Through amplest amplitude,
The out-posts of that border
Where thought cannot intrude;
Where angels flying over
Cry out when they discover
The foot-prints of Jehovah
In space's solitude?

In those bright realms are creatures
Nearer to God than we?
Have they supernal features,
From fear and pain are free?
Where life and death dividing

Nor twain in one abiding
 Nor a vain past deriding,
 What they have been shall be?

Do they, as we, go prying
 For things beyond their sight,
 And in their darkness crying
 For light, for light, for light?
 Have they no vantage higher
 To reach the soul's desire
 And see the eternal fire
 That makes creation bright?

Is there no common center
 Where time and all her brood
 Of soul and mind may enter
 The dark Misunderstood?
 Where faith and sight agreeing
 And all the unseen seeing
 Are merged in deathless being
 In council halls of God?

When the last beam has faded
 From the last sinking sun
 And the human mind unaided
 Thinks as it has begun,
 Earth's eyes will still be turning
 To evening stars, bright burning
 And seek with passionate yearning
 To know the great Unknown.

LITTLE CHILDREN

OH, the little feet that patter
 And the little eyes that glow,
 Oh, the little hands that scatter
 Sunshine everywhere they go.

Who amid life's busy battle
Could find hope along the way
If the children's artless prattle
Did not help him day by day?

Hear the shouting and the laughing
Of their childish ecstasy!
Richest goblets we are quaffing
When their happiness we see.

Yes, vain woman, it is shocking
That you do not feel the need
Of a little cradle rocking;
You prefer to dance or read.

All the jewels that have crowned you
Cannot bring such pure delight
As love's necklace clasped around you
With its dimples soft and white.

You may boast of wealth and station,
You may prate of power and fame,
But the poor have consolation
In the mother's holy name.

Oh, the sacred omnipresence
Of the children that are dead;
And that life has lost its essence
Whence this sweetest love has fled.

In the hut or in the palace
This unfailing truth we find—
He who bears to children malice
Is a brute in human kind.

THE CHOICE

TAKE thou the city with its ways
Its fevered pulse, its hurrying feet,
Its jealous hearts, its frantic craze,
Its tragic sorrows to repeat.
Give me the country where the rocks
Lift high their craggy peaks in air,
Where golden grain in billowy shocks
Laugh out at poverty and care.

Take thou the glamor of the crowd,
Its troubled souls, its throbbing brain,
Its nabobs and its nobles proud,
Its pride, its poverty, its pain.
Give me the forest where the green
Is mingled with the circling blue
In rifts of clouds, where light between
Comes pouring down on glittering dew.

Take thou the gorgeous street at night
Where votaries of fashion meet,
Where folly's garishness so bright
Pleasure pursues with fairy feet.
Give me the lane where every mile
Looks over fields of wheat or maize,
Where neighbors meet and chat awhile
And mockings sing along the ways.

Take thou the city's pliant creed,
Its fashions and its foolishness,
Take thou its gambling and its greed
Its myriad forms of deep distress.
Give me the country where the heart
Is in the grasp of friendly hand,

Where sympathetic tear-drops start
And manhood staple of the land.

Take thou the silver and the gold,
The vanities that vie with these,
The marts where purity is sold
The nights of pleasure, days of ease.
Give me the sweet philosophy
Of duty done without a wrong;
Give me the immortality
That lives and breathes in poet's song.

KULTUR

THE Germans are a peaceful folk
And have been so for years,
Although one time they did provoke
The warlike French to Thiers.

King William stayed awhile in France
With Bismarck to obtain
A title, (a mere circumstance)
To Alsace and Lorraine.

But when they crossed the Rhine again
The Prussians thought it strange
That Bill and Otto could give pain
By hauling home French change.

And then for forty years they planned
How fine a thing 'twould be
To make all Europe understand
The Kults of Germany.

But they would have to use the rod
To bring this Kultur out,

Yet Treitzschke and the German Gott
Knew what they were about.

And so, they hastened back to Gaul
Their Kultur to explain,
But heathen Joffre had learned it all
And would not learn again.

How mean it was in "daddy" Joffre
This Kultur to defy;
They fled and took their lager off
But gladly left Somme-Py.

The Boches thought it was a sin
To stay in France and pout;
A Goose-trot brought the villains in,
A Fochs-trot swept them out.

THE BUTTERFLY

THOU beauteous thing
With silken wing
Of gossamer or fairy,
With body dressed
In silken vest
And form so light and airy,
The stripes around
Thy velvet gown
Protect thee from all danger,
Thy wings of gauze
Invoke the laws
Of honor to a stranger.

How glad are we
To offer thee

Our safest sanctuary,
And bid thee light
On lilies white
And mid our roses tarry
And rob our flowers
In truant hours
Of nectar and of honey
And rest at ease
Where it may please
In shady nook or sunny.

No truant boy
Will dare annoy
Thy resting-place so cosy,
Nor laughing girl
In merry swirl
With radiant cheek and rosy
Will think to clutch
With vandal touch
The stars on torso shining
Or break the rings
Upon thy wings
With gold-dust intertwining.

I would not dare
To tell thee where
The rarest flowers are growing,
But bid thee go
For thou dost know
The secret of their blowing.
Where dewdrops call
Or sun-rays fall
To crown the summer's glory—
There! thou are gone,
I am alone!
The same, the same old story.

SIR CHRISTOPHER

SIR CHRISTOPHER of Ethelstone
Was lord of high degree;
His blood was royal as the throne,
But by himself he lived alone
Beside the sounding sea.

His acres spread behind the sea
As spread the sea before;
His servitors were thousands, he
Had plenty and security;
One thing he needed more.

His castle sat upon the hill
Immaculately kept;
The winds that from the ocean fill
The hurrying sails with pleasure thrill
The shores o'er which they swept.

In marble halls deep silence reigns
Whence kings and queens look down
And oaken beams by time were stained
And brazen doors and rusty chains
The strong chest guarded round.

Within that chest was parchment writ
By William's conquering hand
And Norman scutcheon stamped on it;
A jeweled tiara; to wit,
Brief deeds to Saxon land.

From mighty turrets high in air
He looked across the sea
To where the Lady Margaret fair

Was kneeling with her beads in prayer
And vesper rosary.

And with the crucifix upraised
The Virgin he besought
That she whom he so oft had praised
Would grant to Margaret crushed and crazed
One year of lucid thought.

And then across the sea he views
A fluttering flag in air,
The sign agreed if such good news
Would ever come his soul to enthuse
Should Mary hear his prayer.

Twelve months a dapper steed had stood
With rich caparison
Of Abu Becker's noblest blood
Which feared nor sand nor fire nor flood,
Now with his master floun.

And on through copse and village street
And round the sounding shore
His eyes the fluttering pennant greet
And fire is flying from the feet
Of steed with foam spread o'er.

Then up the marble steps he flew
And swift to Margaret's room;
Her eyes spoke all, his words were few,
And to his throbbing heart he drew
His bride still in her bloom.

And soon with happy friends around
The priest sweet words has said;
That brow in recent darkness bound

Was with the jeweled tiara crowned
Of princes long since dead.

Now in that castle by the sea
One room is set aside
Where good Sir Christopher and she
Unto the Virgin bend the knee
And long in prayer abide.

And thus they pray: "Oh, Mother dear,
The flag, thy symbol fair,
That thou our mutual prayer didst hear
Shall fly to tell us thou art near,
Nor Margaret shall despair."

'Tis twenty years, the flag still flies
Across the sounding sea,
Nor good Sir Christopher e'er tries
To wipe the tears from Margaret's eyes
Of love and loyalty.

THE TRANSLATION

My aunt, Miss S. M. Sullivan took me after my mother's death. Her Christian life has been my inspiration. She is the one referred to by Mr. J. M. Boyle, and for whom he has contributed the money for the Memorial Edition of this book. She went home July 26th, 1890.

YEARS ago my Aunt was lying,
Health no more to gain,
Slowly, surely, sweetly dying
Of internal pain.

Every day did death pursue her,
Gaining by the way,
Every day life's sands were fewer
Than on yesterday.

Every day the shadows longer
Than they'd ever been;
Every day her faith was stronger
In the things unseen.

Every day her fear was lighter
Until it was gone,
Every day the way grew brighter
As she hurried on.

Every day some truth discerning
Brought her sweet employ,
Every day increased her yearning
For the Master's joy.

Every day her life receding
Brought her rest more near,
Every day while sweetly pleading
Came the Comforter.

Every day new visions bringing
Did her faith abide,
Every day the joy bells ringing
On the other side.

The last day her friends around her
Had no need to pray;
For the Angels came and crowned her,
And she went away.

ENGLAND

(1914)

GREAT England, mother of us all,
In language, law and blood the same,
From every clime thy children call
Rejoicing in thy sovereign name.

Thy womb has made the world akin,
Thy spawn has hatched in every sea;
Mother of nations thou hast been,
Mother of nations thou shalt be.

No plumèd helmet dost thou wear,
No glittering shield upon thy breast,
No ruffian threatening dost thou dare,
No rattling sword, no vaunting crest.

But he who dares with swaggering toast
'Twixt thee and thine to intervene
Must be prepared to back his boast
Or be as other such have been.

A million hearts pledged to thy weal
Stand round thee like a living wall,
And millions more that passion feel
And unified by justice all.

Unwilling first to speak the word
Or shed the blood thou couldst not spare,
Unwilling now to sheathe the sword
'Till Europe lasting peace may share.

Blenheim and Oudenarde attest
With Waterloo where thou hast stood,

While the Armada shows when pressed
How tastes the salt within thy blood.

Thy sons their brawny hands will join
From tropic lands to frigid sea
And with their swords again will coin
Respect for law and liberty.

Thy Saxon womb has made us kin,
Thy Magna Carta made us free;
Mother of nations thou hast been,
Guardian of nations thou shalt be.

FEED MY SHEEP

JESUS said to Peter
Speaking earnestly,
"Simon, Son of Jonas,
Lovest thou me?"
Peter said to Jesus,
Speaking reverently,
"Yes, my Lord, thou knowest
That I love thee."

Jesus said to Peter
"Feed my lambs."

Jesus said to Peter
Speaking solemnly,
"Simon, Son of Jonas,
Lovest thou me?"
Peter was astonished
Hearing this, but he
Answered, "Lord, thou knowest
That I love thee."

Jesus said to Peter
 "Feed my Sheep."

Jesus said to Peter
 Speaking so that he
 Might retain his meaning
 To eternity—
 "Simon, Son of Jonas,
 Lovest thou me?
 Lovest more than these?"
 Peter's heart was grievèd
 That the third time he
 Asked the selfsame question
 So persistently.
 Then he cried in anguish
 Deprecatingly,
 "Thou, who knowest all things,
 Knowest I love thee."

Jesus said to Peter
 "Feed my Sheep."

Scarcely of the suffering
 Of Gethsemane,
 Was the Savior thinking
 At the time when he
 Said to Simon Peter
 "Lovest thou me?"

Christ, the Lord, was looking
 To the time to come
 When this Son of Jonas
 Soon should die in Rome

Crucified. Would he
 Witness to the Gentiles

Present and to be,
"Thou, who knowest all things,
Knowest I love thee?"

Peter thrice denied him,
Wept within an hour;
Jesus thrice now tried him,
Filled him with his power.

AUNT SALLIE

DID you know my dear Aunt Sallie?
Yes, for all good people did;
She is sleeping in the valley,
All her imperfections hid.

When my mother gave a dinner
She was there with glowing face,
Always proved herself a winner;
Never threw off in the race.

Auntie wore the finest dresses
Yellow silk all trimmed with brown,
Bought her jewelry at Kress's—
Paid the shining nickels down.

Never would she ask for credit
When she had such ready cash,
Said she thought it wrong to meditate
Ate on confidence so rash.

Auntie was a cheerful giver
To all causes she thought good,
Though she often said her liver
Seldom acted as it should.

Not a tune but what she knew it
And she sang with open throat;
Every line she beat you to it,
Ended with a turned up note.

She had quite a forceful manner
And for quavers had a knack,
She kept time with the piano
Beating tattoos on my back.

Auntie her own boat had paddled
All her life, as I suppose,
Though a blooming wart sat straddled
On her rosy Roman nose.

She for years was a believer,
Kept the faith through every snare,
But her peace, though like a river,
Had some shallows here and there.

For, though often on the summit,
Sometimes she herself would scorn,
When her snuff-box made her gum it
After all her teeth were gone.

Well, indeed, do I remember
Making words to action suit,
She remarked that in December
Apple branches bore good fruit.

At such times, I thought it bestial
When she laid me on her knee,
Without telescope celestial
Showed a hundred stars to me.

Her opinion was quite weighty
On all controverted grounds,

For she died approaching eighty
Weighing plus two hundred pounds.

The last year, her strength diminished
Showed us that her race was run;
When she died she left unfinished
Everything she had not done.

Auntie had great means for living
As her neighbors all could see,
But she had one great misgiving—
She missed giving it to me.

HYMN TO THE RISING SUN

AWAKE, my eyes, and see
The light that soon will rise;
A new sublimity
Each morning gilds the skies;
Awake, awake, my eyes,
The sun awakes to thee.

Awake, my mind, awake,
The flaming orb behold!
Awake for beauty's sake
Which paints the disc of gold
And lights the distant wold
And through the clouds will break.

Awake, my soul, awake,
Awake, my soul, and sing;
Thine honor is at stake!
Awake with harp and bring
A greeting to the King
Who rises for thy sake.

LIFE

Lux est umbra Dei; Deus est Lumen luminis.

Plato.

Le silence eternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie.

Pascal.

The Life was the Light of men.

St. John.

WE are the Essence of Divinity,
 Bright silhouettes reflecting unseen light
 Whose origin is elsewhere.
 All our life and symmetry
 Are the betrayal of a mighty Force
 Existing unseen and from hidden source.
 As arrows, we from darkness
 Speed through light to shade again
 And disappear. In earth or air
 We leave no trace that we have been
 Wayfarers through a wilderness
 Or loiterers in a flowery plain,
 Except, perhaps, a mossy pyramid
 Within whose dark receptacles are hid
 Cuneiforms or rotting papyrus
 That have survived the living, sentient dust;
 Or polished marble pillar with a date
 Or two, which now commemorate
 Some worthy action, some decree of fate;
 Or bas-relief, whose silent trumpets blare
 Pæans of victory, wailings of despair.

And are we but the phantoms of a day
 Drifting from zone to zone, from pole to pole,
 And then return to airy nothingness?
 Are we but clouds that through the ether roll
 Endowed with power to bless,

Dissolving often in benevolence,
Or, charged with currents of plenipotence,
Fall in our wrath and empires sweep away?

Ah, whence came we? What fecund breath
Brooded the deep inanimate beneath,
As in some holy shrine,
A grand, potential energy
By magic wand set free
Sprang from the nescient nebulae
Instinct with life divine?

And where go we? Into the dark abyss
Unfathomable, within whose caverns vast
The centuries have drifted through the mist
That has obscured the records of the past?
Is all our busy life complex, supreme,
With all its wonder and significance
But the veiled fabric of an empty dream
Idealized within a world of chance
Without a regnant principle or star—
Only a vain phantasmagoria?

Seek not amid the dead and buried past
The principle of life. Its sepulchers
Are but the resting place of dust and tears,
Where wearied hearts have found repose at last.
Disturb not that repose, but let them rest
Deep in oblivious sleep; they cannot tell
What visions have illumined or distressed
Nor whence the light that once upon them fell.

Ask of the winds that blow where Neptune glides
And lazy seas roll in voluptuousness
On coral reefs; ask the verdant isles
That, basking in perpetual summer smiles

Or hurling back the spray of angry tides,
Are types of the eternal; ask the cloud
Wafted by zephyrs as it comes to bless
Or demon-ridden when it weaves the shroud;
Ask of the storms that ride as conquerors
Cyclonic; ask the breeze that fans the cheek
Of infancy; ask the glittering stars
That bless at birth or cast their omens bleak;
Ask of the sea whose power man's arm derides
Or breaks on beach and cliff; oh, bid them speak
For they may know where primal life abides.

Ask the maternal sod
Whose passionate tenderness
Invites embrace of procreative god
Of moisture, heat; whose wantonness
With rich profusion generously fills
Her wide and multifarious expanse
With struggling offspring of the lowly clod,
As if they were the cast-aways of chance.
Ask her, for she upon the hills
Radiant with jeweled dew and lustrous gold
And in luxuriant valleys manifold
Sent forth a brood more numerous than the sands
Of all her seas and lands.
Her mother breast supplied
Food for the mighty horde
That nascent love outpoured
Through all her confines wide.
Beseech her, for she knows
Where hidden life began;
Beseech, she may disclose
The secret unto man.

Ask of the world below
Where rays of sunlight cannot go;

Where eyeless creatures wallow in the slime
Of bottomless abyss
Strewn with the wrecks of envious time.
Or where with phosphorescent beam
The ghastly caverns gleam,
From dateless cycles old;
Mid craggy peaks of glittering gold
Amorphous denizens
Awaken to life's tragic dream
And creep or crawl and hiss
Through amber skulls of men.
And thus from protoplastic norm
Of chaos and of night
Evolving its primordial form
There may appear some light;
Or else, some nautilus or whale
Might tell to us life's untold tale.

Ask of the mighty monarch trees
Whose heads the snow of centuries
Has crowned, and where have beat
Tempests of wind and sleet,
Cascades of mist and rain
Weaving the flowery carpet at their feet
When summer comes again;
Ask, for you may not ask in vain.
Mute witnesses are they
Of secrets that have passed away
To the infinitude of silences,
Whose ears are open to the symphonies
Of burning sun and star.
Of the vast life resplendent surely these
Have caught the message from afar
By lightning's flash, or moonlit melodies
Of wave upon the shore, whose rhyme
Reverberates the mysteries of time.

Or let the wild birds sing
Which owe allegiance nor to priest nor king
And which from realms where roses blow
Have come on joyful wing,
Or from the regions of the ice and snow.
Perhaps their piercing eyes have been
On mountains or in valleys green
That revel in perpetual spring;
The eagle from his eyrie high,
Beneath the hedge the humble thrush,
The skylark from the burnished sky,
The humming bird in fragrant bush.
Oh, bid them tell us as they go
What we would give the world to know,
As once the dove from Noah's trembling hand
Sent out to seek the land
Belated came with olive-branch to say
Life is near by—but far away.

Ask of earth's bridal flowers
Which peep through snow, or wait the showers
That bring the fuller life; the violet
Beside the obscure pathway set
Reflecting heaven's blue; the rose
Queenly and mirroring Alpine snows;
Or the carnation like the blood
That pours through flesh a crimson flood.
They crown the grave where valor died,
They charm the good and wise,
They add new beauty to the bride,
They soothe the widow's sighs;
Surely their beauty will declare
Their fragrance will inspire
Who built the primal altar where
Life kindled into fire.

Oh, there is Life somewhere!
Somewhere, beneath the all-encircling blue
The life forever old, forever new,
The life that does not end. The air
The ocean and the hurrying rills
Have seen it, but they will not tell us. True,
We get glimpses of it, and it fills
Our souls with beatific sense
Of splendor unrevealed, as meteors
That burst in the thick darkness, when the hills
And circumjacent valleys glow
With wonderfully wierd, fantastic show
Of nature's glory and omnipotence.
Again, the inky darkness settles round
As curtains shifted by demoniac art;
We see its flashes, but we hear no sound.
Majestic, wondrous, awful it appears
As the vast silence of the distant spheres.

The conscious soul unto itself is left,
And, like some airy being unconfined,
Dazzled by the supremely beautiful
Spreads out its wings in realms impalpable
Nor yearns again for what it leaves behind.
The vision so illuminous has bereft
It of all sensuousness, and the eye
Glow to behold that spiritual form
Which through all ages has defied,
Elusive as a spectre in a storm,
All effort to invade its secret sphere
And whispers, as it vanishes—"Not here."

Oh, Life inscrutable! Thou art indeed
The mystery of all mysteries; thy creed
Is silence deep, supreme. We see
Thy phenomena in earth, sea, air
Endowed with magic forms ephemeral;

Visions of wondrous multiformity,
 Kaleidoscopic glories everywhere
 Through all the realms thy hurrying feet have trod;
 From mountain summit to the lowest clod
 Satiety for every craving sense
 In the vast round of being, all
 From the beginning to eternity
 Expressive of thine endless opulence,
 Thy gorgeous, trailing garments, but not Thee.

We are the Essence of Divinity,
 Life, the reflection of an unseen Light;
 Without the Light no shadow can there be;
 Light is God's shadow and there is no night.

BAMPA

ONCE, I was walking down the street
 Happy as though in wine,
 My thoughts were on a recent book—
 Chasing some vagrant line.

From out a home, a wee tot ran
 As from a frightful wreck—
 "Oh, pease, sir, tum an hep bampa,
 For he is boke he neck!"

Calling a surgeon, up I rushed
 Through vine-clad porch and door,
 And there a plaster grand-pa lay
 In twain upon the floor.

I grabbed her in my arms and kissed
 Her glowing face and brow—
 "If oo's a doctor, oo mus' cure
 My 'ittle bampa now!"

We put his head back in its place
Secure with paste and thong
And left the little golden-hair
With bampa and her song.

OUR DEAD

FIVE years have passed since that bright April
day
When the young spring was bursting into life,
We from our isolation turned away,
When an inverted world with war was rife
And cast our lot in an immortal strife.

We did not stop to count the cost, nor ask
What bounds would circumscribe a new-made world;
We gave our gold and brain and blood; the task
Was mightiest, but our flag unfurled
Thrilled the world's heart and smashed the tyrant's
mask.

Forth rushed our sons with the Crusaders' ire
To pay to France the debt so long unpaid,
Lest she in her extremity expire,
Lest we already had too long delayed,
Though Wilson led and all the nation prayed.

Their glory cannot fail while patriot eyes
Trace through the centuries what love has done,
Till hearts shall cease to throb at sacrifice
And honor fail to crown what valor won,
Or night obliterate the shining sun.

And when the spirits of our deathless dead
Gather in ghostly halls to celebrate

The deeds of demigods by heroes led,
 Our khaki host assembled will relate
 How they have triumphed o'er imperious fate.

And they will live in history and song
 Victorious actors upon Honor's stage
 And grateful pens and tearful eyes prolong
 Their glory, gilding with unstinted page,
 And those who read reflect their noble rage.

For in their hearts they bore again the light
 The Pilgrims bore across the unknown sea,
 The dauntless courage to maintain the right
 At Château Thierry and at Cantigny,
 As did the Greeks at old Thermopylæ.

Peace to their ashes, wheresoe'er they lie
 On mountain, glen, in forest, plain or sea;
 Their virtuous fame Time's ravages defy,
 Who gave their all that Europe might be free
 To taste with us the sweets of liberty.

As they have served, we covet all to serve,
 As they have died, so covet we to die,
 Nor from the service of mankind to swerve
 Though all earth's crowns were given to deny;
 And this their glory through eternity.

BROTHERHOOD

ALL the world's a brotherhood
 Of mankind;
 All the bad and all the good
 You will find
 Are not very far apart

If you only knew the heart,
And the mind.

Greatest curse is ignorance
Everywhere;
If your neighbor had a chance
To declare
What on his part he may think
It might bring you to the brink
Of despair.

Do not think that all are bad
That seem so;
May be that your neighbor had
Cause to do
What to you seems very small,
For you may not now know all
You might know.

Have you wronged your truest friend?
Such may be;
Hasten now to make amend,
Maybe he
Yearns to take you by the hand
And will gladly understand;
Go and see.

Brother, life is far too short
To delay
Or to act on mere report
By the way;
To the neighbor next to you
Do as he to you should do;
Act today.

Thus your heart will beat anew
With a thrill

That it has not known, and you
Then will fill
All the happy day with song
And its melody prolong
Like a rill.

IF

IF you are born of blood that is not tarnished
By generations of enfeebling vice;
If you have kept your ruddy life unvarnished,
Thus covering an errant nature twice;
If you have thought and yet in all your thinking
Have wandered not into forbidden path;
If you have looked at problems without blinking
When blinking brings a rueful aftermath;
If you have walked in virtue's way of living
Although, at times you had to walk alone;
If you gave service without pride in giving
Nor thought of frailties you could thus atone;
If you have followed in the path of duty
Though oftentimes it promised no reward;
If you have sought the soul's sublimer beauty,
And still sought on, when seeking was so hard;
If you have tried to make their burdens lighter
When weary souls have seemed to miss the mark;
If when, they failed, you bade them hold the tighter,
Or, what is better, led them from the dark;
If you have wrought, while others hesitated,
Or, when your motives were misunderstood;
If holding peace, your silence was berated,
And only evil came where you meant good;
If you have forward pressed each day, well knowing
Your only object was to win the race;
If you have failed, your effort plainly showing

That they who fail are worthy of all praise;
If when you reach the goal, some one before you
Has won the prize and plaudits with a whirl,
Remember that bright skies are bending o'er you,
And what is more, You are an Angel-girl.

ARMAGEDDON

(Written Sept. 1914)

THE trumpet-call is sounding from the Danube
to the Rhine,
Von Moltke hurls his legions to the French or Rus-
sian line,
From Gumbinnen to Munich, from Kronstädt to
Cologne
Two warlords issue orders, they want this war
alone.

On verdant Vosgian Mountains are beacon-fires at
night,
The frowning guns of Könisberg now glisten in the
light;
From Dantzic round to Bremen, past Schleswig and
Holstein
His soldiers drink the Kaiser's health in draughts
of Rhenish wine.

From Lemberg to Vienna, from Prague to Buda-
pest
The screaming fife and roaring drum disturb the
midnight rest,
And marching men and cannon and caissons to the
east
Roll like a host of drunkards to bacchanalian feast.

'Tis well that they confess to heaven before the
 fray begins,
 Unless they wish with Russian blood to wash away
 their sins,
 For Czech and Magyar soon will meet the Serb
 despising pain
 And richer far will be the soil of green Galicia's
 plain.

Ye Sisters of the Cloister wherever you may be,
 In supplication lift your hearts, and bend the sup-
 pliant knee
 For, from this Armageddon's tumultuous carnage
 line,
 Two nations will be mourning from Danube to the
 Rhine.

Answer, Francis Joseph, do you rule by God's
 grace?
 Think of Carolyi's curses on you and on your race!
 Remember Maximilian and good Elizabeth
 And Königratz and Ferdinand and Rudolph's
 bloody death.

Be mindful, William, of the pride that goes before
 a fall,
 Lest German blood may fructify the vineclad hills
 of Gaul;
 Remember that a deep revenge lies dormant by the
 Seine,
 Behold the shrouded statues there of Alsace and
 Lorraine.

Forget not what your grandsire said, "Keep friend-
 ship with the Czar,"
 Lest angry Romanoff join flag with Lilies of Na-
 varre

And pouring forth from Astrakhan and fire-swept
Moscow
His guns may pound to dust the walls of Posen and
Breslau.

What is a Scrap of Paper? The royal word they
plead,
And they who make the answer met John at Run-
nymede;
They wrote the Magna Carta, wherein are well de-
fined
The bounds where kingly power must stop, the
rights of all mankind.

Proud Hohenzollern, keep your word! Lift not
the hostile lance
Nor rush your gallant Uhlans through fair Belgium
into France;
Beyond the Channel lies a power whose Lions roar
in wrath
And led by French and Kitchener will crouch across
your path.

Those Lions fought with Blücher once at fated
Waterloo
And what they did for Wellington they yet again
will do,
For they are rooted to the soil they set their feet
upon
And hell will break loose in your face at Ypres and
at Peronne.

Oh, Kings, 'tis Armageddon. The Hand upon the
Wall
In mystic words of blood and fire proclaim your
final fall,

When Hohenzollern, Hapsburg immersed in hu-
 man blood
 Will hear man's malediction and feel the wrath of
 God.

There is a God on high that rules the destinies of
 men,
 Who baffled oft in his designs returns to them
 again;
 For law and righteousness uphold the mandates of
 his will
 And centuries are but a day those mandates to ful-
 fill.

THE COMET

FAR out beyond the Pleiades
 Far past Orion's light,
 An errant thing by God's decrees
 Flamed forth in lustre bright.

She fled in glory past the stars
 Her trailing garments white
 Extending back in lucent bars
 Through ebon gates of night.

And as she sped with glowing face
 She saw new stars arise,
 Those outpost sentinels of space
 In boundaries of the skies.

And everywhere she felt no fear
 Nor rival by the way,
 Though suns would rise and disappear
 As she approached the Day.

And on she passed beyond the bound
Where suns and systems roll
To where the primal Light is found
Beyond creation's goal.

TO MY WIFE

WE'VE started out in life, my dear,
For better or for worse
And toils and trials rife, my dear,
Will constitute our course.

But as we forward press, my dear,
Through daily good and ill,
We'll do our very best, my dear,
Each duty to fulfill.

And if grief come to us, my dear,
And sorrow by the way,
We'll try again and trust, my dear,
And wait for fairer day.

Though some days will be sad, my dear,
Some surely will be bright,
For all cannot be bad, my dear,
If we do what is right.

And if we have our health, my dear,
And labor as we go,
We shall not want for wealth, my dear,
Whatever wind may blow.

And if we try to live, my dear,
As honest people should
We'll have our mite to give, my dear,
In helping to do good.

Thus, we shall earn our rest, my dear,
 And this will be our pride
 That some one has been blest, my dear,
 That we have lived and died.

THE SACRIFICE

(Dedicated to the American Legion)

'T WAS years ago, one fine June morn
 In a Southern city two boys were born,
 One in a home of princely wealth,
 One whose inheritance was health.
 They both grew up as normal boys
 From the earlier days of sports and noise,
 Yet more sedate each year they grew
 As more of life and books they knew.

But now came the time to choose a trade—
 Nay, one already a choice had made;
 But both must go to increase the store
 Of knowledge that they must have before
 They enter the world of varying cults
 To join in the din of its tumults.

The way was easy for one; not so
 For the other one, for should he go
 He had no money his bills to pay,
 He must do chores and work his way.
 For there's always a way, if a boy wants to
 Though money be scarce and friends be few.

One had cards to fraternity halls
 And rode with débutantes to balls,
 The other a garret he called his den
 And his food was not what it should have been;

One a morning headache had,
Poverty the other this forbade.

And thus at the end of their college days
Each won his own peculiar praise,
One from the lips of made-up misses,
The other a wrinkled mother's kisses;
One to a bank where work was light,
The other to hard work day and night.

The banker's daughter walked down the street
And whom but the lawyer should she meet?
They chatted pleasantly for a while—
(Be careful, dear, of the lawyer's smile!)
"Pardon, my client is waiting, I
Must for the present say goodbye."
But on the courthouse steps he turned:—
"I wish the court were now adjourned;"
She said as she raised her parasol,
"Were I that client—fol-de-rol."

That night while writing a brief, he said
"What is the matter with my head?"
For the lawyer forgot two winsome eyes
That peeped through veil and such disguise;
She sang to friends, and every word
Echoed the soul of the mocking-bird.
Happy, indeed, the chosen few
To whom the dreams of love come true.

Two weeks later they met again,
The clouds were dark and rain, rain, rain,
She stepped to a chum's across the street
But the ground gave way beneath her feet
And she cried aloud despite her charms—
But she found herself in the lawyer's arms.

Week after week, these lovers met,
 Thanksgiving Day for the wedding set
 And friends of both spoke far and wide
 Of the banker's daughter the lawyer's bride.

Hark! What is this the headlines say?
 "GERMANY FLOUTS THE U. S. A!
 They sink our ships upon the sea,
 And now there's war with Germany!"

The lawyer reading these words forgot
 He wasn't a god, but a patriot.
 He reached the street with hat in hand
 And in a voice born to command:—
 "Three cheers for Wilson, men, three cheers!
 The President calls for volunteers!
 Hands up, boys! Who'll go with me
 And the Stars and Stripes to Germany?"
 A thousand hands were thrust on high,
 A thousand voices thundered "I—I!"

A woman sat in a limousine
 Transformed by the glamor of the scene;
 She opened the door and out she sprang
 While cheers against the court-house rang,
 A flag in each hand to honor true,
 One with Grant's Red, White and Blue,
 And one—a flag from the Apple-tree
 Her grandfather carried for Robert Lee!

The wind blew through her Saxon hair
 And it waved with the flags she was waving there;
 She stood by the lawyer and loudly cried:
 "I'd rather serve with him than be his bride!
 And if there's a place as a nurse for me
 I'll go with his regiment over the sea."

The lawyer could not believe his eyes
So great his wonder and his surprise,
But he did not think it improper now
To bend and kiss her radiant brow;
And a thousand voices cried, "Well done!
God keep you both and make you one!"

Be careful, friends, there's many a slip
'Twixt wedding-day and the touch of a lip
And many a love that is heaven today
Tomorrow stern fate may sweep away.

The woman wept but not with grief,
And he wiped her eyes with his handkerchief,
Then his own eyes with tear-drops dim
With the same kerchief she'd given to him.
And he seated her in the limousine
With two flags fluttering, she between.
That 'kerchief here, henceforth he wore
Perfumed with the tears of love it bore.

The German lines extended east
And west for thirty miles, at least,
And the doughboys lay their lines before;
The Marne and the Meuse they'll soon cross o'er.

'Twas night, the Colonel walked his lines
That stretched through rock-pits, blazing pines,
And pointed his sword as he whispered low
"Tomorrow at six o'er the top we go";
"We will not come back," (a voice); "until
We get the goat of Kaiser Bill!"

Thoughtless, perhaps, the gibe or joke
The last the doughboy every spoke;

Tomorrow, though handsome, young and brave,
Drum, trumpet, Taps—and a soldier's grave.

But now the zero hour has come,
Not with the ominous roar of drum;
The soldier looks at the watch on his wrist
And thinks of her whose lips he kissed;
In silence upward he turns his eye
And hell breaks loose in the inky sky.
The cannon boom with murderous ire
And the barrage falls in curtain of fire:—
“Today, oh, God, if Thou art forgot,
In love and mercy, forget me not!”

Now is the time for a Titan's deeds—
“Boy's follow where your Colonel leads!”¹
With clutch of a gun and a bayonet,
The flash of an eye, and a stern jaw set,
With thoughts that soldiers only know,
A scramble—and over the top they go!

Then clash of steel and roar of guns,
Junker super-men and our Yankee sons!
Theirs steeped in the cults of Germany,
Ours fighting for human liberty,
That the world might be safe for Democracy.

The German works are level ground,
The dead and dying piled around;
The sunlight pierces the fetid air—
Old Glory waves in triumph there.

The dead are left to themselves, surprise
Reflected now from glassy eyes,

¹ Captain W. H. W. Smith (R. R. R.), Dallas, Texas, tells me that on receiving his orders at San Juan Hill to charge, Colonel Roosevelt waved his sword over his head and cried, “Boys, follow where your Colonel leads.”

But some have the gentle, dreamy haze
They had in early boyhood's days;
The peace of death in every breast,
They are marching now to the silent West.

The wounded are lying everywhere,
Some writhing here, some dying there,
Some cursing war, some moaning fate,
All call for water, with many too late.

The nurses serve with tenderest care
Binding a wound or breathing a prayer;
A message is sent to mother dear
"Tell her in death I thought of her";
To another far o'er the beautiful sea
"I hoped, I prayed, but it can not be."

The surgeon probes a gaping wound,
A piece of a bayonet is found;
He breathes, but speechless for a while,
Then gazes at the nurse—a smile.
She kneels beside his cot—a word,
"Call in the Chaplain," all she heard.
He takes her loving hand in his,
Life merging into death's mysteries;
"Ye twain are one," the Chaplain said,
The nurse embraced the Colonel dead.
Then spread that kerchief o'er his face
And calmly rose and left the place.

In his tent, near him, she knelt in prayer,
God's pitying angels hovering there,
Then closed her eyes as she lay on his cot,
And war and its sorrows were soon forgot;
Love triumphed, and the Colonel's wife
Entered with him Eternal Life.

They buried them both at close of day,
 The wife beside her husband lay,
 The banker's daughter, the lawyer true;
 Above them floats the Red, White and Blue.
 Love's loyal Sacrifice the test;
 They died for us, in France they rest.

CONFESSION

GOD of the Nations, in whose name
 Our fathers braved the angry sea,
 Despised the fagot and the flame
 To build new altars unto Thee,
 Almighty, uncreated One,
 To Thee we bow, to Thee alone.

We take no pride in all our deeds,
 Too often they have been unjust;
 Nor in the jargon of our creeds
 With loss of simple faith and trust.
 This we bewail before thy throne
 And bow to Thee, to Thee alone.

Dare we to raise our eyes to Thee,
 We, who are rich in lands and gold?
 May we yet bend the suppliant knee
 And all our poverty unfold?
 May we yet for our sins atone
 And bow to Thee, to Thee alone?

Thy covenant of grace restore
 Nor smite our lintels with thy rod,
 Rule Thou our land from shore to shore
 Dwell in us, oh our fathers' God.
 Unto all ages, Lord make known
 We bow to Thee, to Thee alone.

COMRADES IN ARMS

1. Lads of the Legion, true to your breeding,
 2. Green be the grass that grows o'er you sleeping,
 3. Rest, oh ye Comrades, all slackers shamming,

Far from the land where your ancestors dwell,
 Light be the sod and gentle the swell,
 Rest in the land where for freedom you fell,

No - bly you sought France broken and bleeding, Brave - ly you
 Soft winds that whisper of mothers weeping, Ne'er shall the
 Hon - or and val - or glo - ry proclaim - ing, Comrades in

fought and vic - to - ri - ous - ly fell. Comrades in arms, fare -
 trump - et your slum - ber dis - pel.
 arms, we bid you fare - well.

well, (fare - well,) Comrades in arms, fare - well. (fare - well.)

THE SKUNK AND THE 'POSSUM

THE skunk and the 'possum were neighbors,
 'tis said
 Where a wood near a swift rivulet
 Shut out the light of the sky overhead
 Where vines and the undergrowth met.
 And, then, as it happens with friends among men,
 Each tried to express with a word
 His thought of the other in anger, and then,
 They resented the malice they heard.

One word brought another, and soon, as it seemed,
 A battle to death must be fought;
 Their claws were distended, their angry eyes
 gleamed
 For a contest the skunk only sought.
 For he cried "You're a coward, you're in a fright,"
 With his breath, through his lips, as if lids;
 The 'Possum said, "No, I dread not a fight,
 But prudence my fighting forbids."

LUCINDA

HAVE you e'er seen Lucinda dear,
 The Angel of the prairie?
 She rides her broncho without fear
 And rules him like a fairy.
 The finest girl in all the West,
 Without exaggerating;
 She is the one I love the best
 And she's the one that's waiting.

She rides the ranges like a man
 Her golden tresses whirling
 And you may beat her if you can

The whizzing lasso hurling.
The finest girl in all the West,
A simple fact I'm stating;
She is the one I love the best
And she's the one that's waiting.

The cayote fleeing o'er the plain
Where many a rattler hisses,
She bores him through without a pain,
Lucinda never misses.

The finest girl in all the West,
I'm not equivocating;
She is the one I love the best
And she's the one that's waiting.

The storm-cloud never gets too dark,
When cattle are stampeding,
She finds them by the lightning's spark
And brings them to their feeding.

The finest girl in all the West
One hundred is her rating;
She is the one I love the best
And she's the one that's waiting.

One time, when Piute Bill was sick,
She was the first to nurse him;
She flew and got the doctor quick,
But Bill just lived to curse him.

The finest girl in all the West,
Her cloak his shroud creating;
She is the one I love the best
And she's the one that's waiting.

Sometimes she kindles the campfire
And gets her face all sooty;
'Tis then I want to sit right by her

For then she is a beauty.
 The finest girl in all the West,
 (This is no lover's prating)
 She is the one I love the best
 And she's the one that's waiting.

The best of biscuit she can make,
 The quail which she is frying—
 Oh, let me go for 'Cinda's sake,
 For 'Cinda I am dying.
 The finest girl in all the West,
 My heart is palpitating;
 She is the one I love the best—
 She shall not long be waiting.

UNITED

LET us go, Love, for here is the carriage,
 The carriage to bear us away
 To the happiness, Dear, of our marriage,
 Our marriage no longer delay.

How brilliant, my Love, is the altar,
 The altar with flowers upon,
 Come, let us not one moment falter,
 Not falter till we are made one.

Tonight, Love, the stars will be gleaming,
 Be gleaming in heaven above,
 Tonight, Dear, will bless all our dreaming,
 Our dreaming of passionate love.

Tonight, Love, the bells will be ringing,
 Be ringing our union to bless,
 Tonight, Dear, our hearts will be singing,
 Be singing in love's wilderness.

Behold, at the altar they're bowing,
Are bowing their faith to confess,
And each to the other is vowing,
Is vowing with love's tenderness.

Then on through the shadows go whirling,
Go whirling o'er hillock and stream,
And night all its glories unfurling,
Unfurling through love's magic dream.

"Tomorrow, when daylight has ended,
In our own home we will be"—
In a moment, their journey is ended,
Their own home they never will see.

Oh, horror! The bridge is on fire,
Headlong through the chasm they go;
She is dead now and he is dying by her;
Thus ended their dreaming. Why so?

One grave and one coffin incloses
Their arms joined in death's long embrace;
And the springtime ablaze with its roses
Pours perfume and light on their face.

Two loving hearts rest now together,
Together beneath the green sod;
But tell me, I pray you, tell whether
Their spirits are resting in God.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

DEAR Mary, 'twas a fateful day,
That cool, autumnal eve,
When we had nothing more to say
And nothing to receive.

The past was rich with jeweled hours
Which memory held secure
Like dewdrops upon withered flowers
With fragrance rich and pure.

And yet we cast the flowers away
And broke the scented bowl,
Each yearning just one word to say,
One word—one heart, one soul.

And just to say that unsaid word
My life again I'd live,
By ecstasy of sorrow stirred
We both might cry "Forgive!"

But still, we left that word unsaid
And sat with longing eyes
Until the hastening sun had sped
Adown the darkening skies.

And when the dreaded word Goodbye
Two icy hands deplore,
We parted, Mary, you and I,
To meet on earth no more.

Could I recall but for one day
The years forever fled,
All other joys would tribute pay
To say that word unsaid.

Oh! I have paid that stubborn debt
Ten thousand times, I know,
But it remains uncanceled yet
And will be 'till I go

To where a holier light will shine
Upon our darkened day,

And all regrets of yours and mine,
Mary, swept away.

Long years I've struggled on distressed
And never called thee mine,
But death has brought thee sweetest rest
And love made thee divine.

Farewell, farewell! 'Tis vain to seek
Surcease from moistening eyes,
'Till I that unsaid word shall speak
To thee in Paradise.

THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT

AROUND me everywhere I saw
The monuments of man,
Beneath me death's eternal law
The same since time began.

The mightiest of the granite rocks
Yields to the wind and wave,
So, fate to Grant's repeated shocks
The final triumph gave.

Great Captain, born to high command,
Thy name will ever be
Linked with the noblest of our land,
With Lincoln and with Lee.

Within the dark sarcophagus
He rests secure in fame
Returning to the mortal dust
Whence he immortal came.

SACRAMENTAL HYMN

F. E. B.

F. E. BUTLER

1. Oh Lord, our God, how sweet the hour, When
 2. I feel the trans - ports of thy grace Sweep
 3. Oh come, Thou blest, soul search - ing Word, With
 4. E - ter - nal Love, a - bide with me, All

low on bend - ed knee, . . . I
 through my wait - ing heart, . . . As
 light - ed can - dle come, . . . Oh
 doubt and fear re - move, . . . And

yield to that trans - form - ing pow'r Which
 bowed in prayer I seek thy face To
 come, Thou sanc - ti - fy - ing Lord, And
 to thy praise for - ev - er be The

comes a - lone from Thee. . . .
 know Thee as Thou art. . . .
 make my heart thy home. . . .
 pae - ans of my love. . . .

GREECE IMMORTAL

(Written at the beginning of the First Balkan War.)

FOUR hundred years and more ago
The Cross went trailing in the dust,
The Crescent with fanatic glow
Inspired the Moslem's hate and lust,
The Turks like demons from below
Came pouring o'er the Bosphorus.

Where Clio saw her earliest day
Or Jason sped the waves along,
Where Homer sang his epic lay
And Agamemnon led his throng,
The Turk has held imperious sway,
The tyrant Turk so foully wrong.

Where Saint Sophia's gilded tower
Looks o'er the dark and deep Euxine;
Where clouds from mountain summits lower
And rivers bathe eternal green,
The bloody Turk until this hour
Has held what once was Byzantine.

Impelled by hate for many a year
The Turk the sacred Name despised
And murder without shame or fear
Has reigned unpunished, undisguised;
Nor heeded he the prayer or tear
From maiden lips or Christian eyes.

He heeds no warning, hears no cry,
Upheld by hands beyond the sea,
Nor to Belgrade makes reply

Nor fears the wrath of Cetinje,
Nor towards Sophia turns his eye
And scorns to hear Athena's plea.

But lo! the day of wrath has come
And from the mountain and the plain
There swells the sound of battle-drum,
The patriot cannon boom again;
The hurrying Turk with terror dumb
Flees to his circled forts in vain.

The morning opens with the roar
Of thrice a hundred thousand guns;
The Balkans shake from shore to shore
Beneath the fury of her sons
Who soon in wrath will overthrow
The offspring of degenerate Huns.

Thrice armed because in right they are,
Thrice strong because they courage have;
Nor will they halt till Marmora
Reflect their triumph from her wave,
And craggy old Salonica
No longer crouch a Moslem slave.

Lift not a hand the sword to stay
Nor may a patriot lag or shirk;
Lift not a voice except to pray
That God may speed the glorious work;
Lift heart and hand to bless the day
That brings to nought the naughty Turk.

Rejoice oh, land of modern Greece
And bask beneath the conquering sun
That shone upon Themistocles
When Salamis her crown had won;

Thy glory by Miltiades
Was not eclipsed at Marathon.

For, from those channels where the ships
Of boasting Persia found their tomb,
Where dark-eyed beauties to their lips
Raised goblets that assuaged their doom,
The bloody Crescent in eclipse
Will see the Cross in triumph come.

And once again the heroes' dust
Of Phataea and Thermopylae,
Which earth now holds in sacred trust,
Will rise to make their children free;
The gods from snowy Olmypus
Drive the barbarians o'er the sea.

And o'er those heights whose light is gone
The car of Phoebus will arise;
The glories of the Parthenon
Be cynosure of human eyes
And from the founts of Helicon
The Muses flit through rosy skies.

Again the voice of Socrates
Will plead for virtue not for gold;
The mighty-hearted Pericles
The miracles of mind unfold;
The thunders of Demosthenes
Fright tyrants as in days of old.

Once more the marble lips will seek
A voice as by Praxiteles;
Again the ghostly forms will speak
As spoke they to Euripides,
Ere genius fled the conquering Greek
For home beyond Hesperian seas.

And bounding past each hazy shore
 Whose noisy ripples never cease,
 As in the old Jasonic lore
 Shall come the argosies of peace;
 Their warfare and their triumphs o'er,
 Shall bloom again the Isles of Greece.

And on each olive-scented isle
 Whose maidens now in grief are mute
 Her lovers will their love beguile
 With sound of castanet and lute:
 The soldier tell with tear and smile
 How died the veteran and recruit.

The blest, prophetic day will come
 When peace will spread her snowy wings
 Above the humble peasant's home
 As o'er the palaces of kings,
 And labor make her islands bloom
 And justice hush their bickerings.

Then let us crown the amphora
 And drink her health in Samian wine
 And spread the joyful song afar
 That in the sky again will shine
 The light of that all-glorious star,
 Of Greece Immortal, Greece Divine!

AT THE CLUB

U PPER-TENDOM for a week
 Has been all agog
 Craning envious necks to seek
 In the catalogue
 Whom the Jolly Jacks elect
 To their grub and grog.

Mothers with ambitious views
Scan the daily page,
Read Society's good news
Whom the Jacks engage,
And with wonderment enthuse—
Or explode in rage.

Then the wheels of vanity
Go rolling down the street,
The gabbling of urbanity
Where fools and fashion meet,
The tittering of inanity
With leering accents sweet.

Tell it not in Askalon,
Whisper not in Gath;
When this carnival is done,
Day will find her path
Strewn with many a skeleton
For a father's wrath.

In the brilliant hall above
Brighter than the day
With entrancing songs of love
Venus will hold sway,
Lust will all her minions move,
Hell will be to play.

By Calypso's nymphs the air
Throbs with merry strain,
Bacchus reigning everywhere
Glowing in champagne;
Virtuous maiden, oh, beware
For thy heart and brain!

In the dance she floats around
Like a bird in space,

But too oft his feet are found
 In forbidden place;
 Swayed by low, voluptuous sound
 Blushes burn her face.

Ah! She needs the midnight air,
 Will she promenade?
 Listens to seductive prayer
 That false lips have made,
 Knew not who she was, or where,
 When she was betrayed.

Soon the old-time Christian home
 She cannot abide,
 Leaves its sacredness to roam
 With the scarlet tide;
 Of the Jolly Jacks will some
 Now for her provide?

Faded all her maiden bloom,
 Perished all her pride,
 On a plank in a back room
 Dark eyes staring wide,
 What Adonis now will come
 For the suicide?

THE BLUE-BIRD

WHEN I was but a barefoot boy
 Passing the road one day,
 A blue-bird lit upon a gate
 Not very far away.

Her nest was in a post hard by
 Her mate sat on a limb
 And happily he sang to her
 And happy she to him.

But in an evil moment, I
Threw something at the bird;
She fell in death beyond the gate
And not a muscle stirred.

I did not envy her the light
Of her brief, happy day
Nor wish to show my bounding life
By taking hers away.

In doing this, I only did
What thoughtless boys will do,
Nor had I ever thought to harm
That little bird so blue.

How often have I wished that I
That missile could recall,
Though He, who sees the sparrow's death,
Saw, too the blue-bird's fall.

The stroke hurt not the little bird,
I only felt the pain;
But, if her death caused me to think,
She did not die in vain.

For thee I write these simple lines,
Grieving that they are true,
In memory of thy wanton death,
Sweet little bird, so blue.

DAD McRAY

WHEN I was in Kentucky last I met with Dad
McRay
Six feet and six at eighty-five but neither stooped
nor gray,

As active as a catamount, sure-footed as a hound,
For in the arts of simple life completeness he had
found.

In youth he knew the mountain streams and loved
them every one,
The trout-holes and the waterfalls were partners of
his fun;
He knew the place where fed the deer, the ponds
where ducks would light,
And when the dogwoods blossomed out where gob-
blers perched at night.

He knew the name of every tree, the song of every
bird,
The cry of every prowling beast when from his
lair he stirred;
And when the lightning's awful glare foretold the
brimming rill,
He felt secure beneath the rock and thought of
"Peace, be still."

He had not loved to go to school, he said it made
him sick
To learn from a professor how to put hay in a
rick;
He did not care for money, nor did he wish to
know
Why six goes into thirty six or two times two are
four.

And so he drifted out alone with dogs and poles
and gun
And scarcely knew when winter came or set the
summer sun;
He knew he loved the craggy peaks, the valleys in
between,

The alder, wildrose, chestnut, ash and pine forever
green.

He had a simple mountain home, a cabin with a
latch,
A little field that raised his bread, a big tobacco
patch,
And six good brier roots he had, a few home-made
cigars,
A box to keep his flour in and honey in some jars.

A cook-stove? No, a pot or two, a skillet on the
coals,
Some plow-shares that his daddy used held up the
blazing poles,
A coffee pot as black as night but inside clean and
sweet,
A creaky box or two, a bench, a chair—the strang-
er's seat.

He did not need a polished floor, the ground was
good enough,
Nor did he lock the robbers out, they did not want
his stuff;
For every hopeless down and out found provender
and cheer,
A welcome and a friendly grip and "Glad that you
are here."

Old Dad was a hard drinker, but always voted
"Dry,"
No flunkey with a flagon of sherbet ice and rye;
A jug of Jersey buttermilk or a longhandled gourd
He soused two feet into the ale that from the
mountain poured.

And when the summer heat came on he sought the
orphanage
To get a wagon-load of "Kids" and others to en-
gage;
Medicine? The best that nature makes, fresh air
and exercise,
Spring-water, swimming, fruit and fish—red cheeks
and roguish eyes.

One time a braggart drifted in, Dad did not ask his
name,
He did not care a picayune for family or fame;
He said while listening to him boasting of what he
had got
"I wouldn't give that yaller dog for you and the
whole lot."

Into his cabin often came beggars or millionaires,
Men galled by torturing memories or hearts de-
pressed by cares,
Men opulent with wealth and power but burdened
with regret,
Whose shame or grief or blighted love they never
could forget.

The savory venison he stewed, the biscuit that he
made,
The brew within that coffee-pot had many a sigh
allayed,
And fugitives from justice sat before the fire with
him
And ate and drank and joked and laughed until
their eyes would swim.

And now Dad stands upon the bench and takes a
basket down

From a loft overhead and soon a woolen cloth un-
wound,
And then the golden twists appeared, Kentucky's
fragrant weed,
That floats bad memories away from hearts that
ache and bleed.

And when the night had passed away and morning
light had come
The stranger hummed an old time tune of peace
and love and home
And, looking through the firs and pines up into heav-
en's blue,
He felt though in a world of sin some men and
God are true.

The years have swept his youth away, he moves
more slowly now
And honor sets her noble seal upon his manly
brow;
He walks serenely toward the west where sinks his
latest sun;
What a philosophy of life! Friend, kindly pass it on.

THE CHIMES

'T IS time
For the chime
And the cadence in rhyme
Of the dear old cathedral's soft bells,
When music in bell-ringing wells;
On land and on ocean
The air in commotion
To joyous reflection impels;

How stirred is the soul
 Under music's control
 And longs in its heaven to dwell.

How sweet
 When we meet
 In the thick-crowded street,
 To hear their soft ringing, ding-dóng,
 Sweet memories bringing, ding-dóng,
 And through the far distance
 To feel the assistance
 Of our dear departed so long,
 It makes us light-hearted, ding-dóng,
 Díng-ding-dóng, dǐng-ding-dóng, ding-dóng.

How dear
 With no fear
 When the angels so near
 Their message are bringing, ding-dóng,
 With jubilant singing, ding-dóng,
 And our hearts yearning
 Their message returning
 Victorious shouting prolong;
 We give up our doubting for song.
 Díng-ding-dóng, ding-dang-ding-dóng.
 Oh, how we rejoice at such times
 And mingle our voice with their chimes!
 Díng, ding-dóng, ding-dang-ding-dóng,
 Ding-dóng, ding-dóng.

How blest,
 When distressed
 And dismayed with unrest,
 We lay all our burdens aside,
 Our burdens of sin and of pride,
 And prostrate or kneeling
 For mercy appealing,

God whispers, "No longer do wrong,
Behold, I come quickly, be strong,"
And the bells his sweet promise prolong.
Díng, ding-dóng, ding-a-líng, ding-a-lóng,
Ding-a-ling-dang-ding-ding-dáng, ding-dóng.

How weary
And teary
The dark days and dreary,
When all is distressing and wrong,
When there is no blessing in song,
When dark clouds above us
Say God does not love us
And life but the sound of a gong,
Or a dream with no lute or a song
A pounding, resounding dóng-dóng,
A moaning, monotoning dóng-dóng,
A grieving, deceiving dóng-dóng,
Dóng-dóng, d-ó-n-g, d-ó-n-g.

At night
In the light
Of the altar so bright
None holier or sweeter, ding-dóng,
When the groom comes to meet her, dong-dóng;
The joybells uproarious
Hilarious and glorious
Reach heaven above us in song,
Make one of two lovers, dong-dóng;
Their hearts palpitating
New music creating
The joys of their union prolong,
Díng, ding-dóng, díng, ding-dóng,
Ding-dang-ding-dóng, ding-a-lóng,
Ding-a-ling-dang-ding-ding-dang-ding-dóng.
Ding-dóng, d-ó-n-g.

Hark, hark!
 In the dark
 See the lurid red spark
 Which shoots like a star through the air
 And is lost in the ominous glare!
 And the firebells, tolling *dóng-dóng-dóng*,
 Demoniac doling *dóng-dóng, dóng-dóng-dóng*.
 And the forked red fire
 Mounting higher and higher
 Our hearts apprehensions prolong;
Dóng-dóng-dóng, dóng-dóng. D-ó-n-g.

How slow
 Do we go
 Through the fast-falling snow,
 When mother has left us alone
 And the broken heart only can moan;
 The death-bell is tolling, *dóng-dóng*,
 Beyond our controlling, *dóng-dóng*.
 Oh, darling, dear mother,
 Their notes cannot smother
 Our grief with funereal tone
 Nor call back the life that has flown.
Dóng-dóng, dóng-dóng.
 Oh bell, cruel bell!
 Why do you my sorrow prolong?
 Vain is your endeavor,
 She'll come back, oh never!
 Sweet mother, you've left us and gone,
 All alone, dearest mother, alone!
Dóng-dóng, dóng-dóng.

Ring, ring, holy bell,
 Bear her hence with thy swell
 To her Lord where he sits on his throne.

Fare-well, darling, Mother, farewell!
 Dóng-dóng, dóng-dóng,
 D-ó-n-g, d-ó-n-g.

TWILIGHT

TWILIGHT is waning through the trees
 That curtain the horizon's rim,
 And through the dusk the melodies
 Of lowing cattle, droning bees
 Murmur the dying evening's hymn.

No organ's quivering notes arise,
 No censer shedding sweet perfume,
 But praise ascending to the skies
 Through air all redolent with cries
 That mix sweet discord with the gloom.

The windows now begin to glow,
 The fires in grates begin to burn;
 The lighted lamps swing to and fro
 While little feet to romping go,
 As homeward weary souls return.

Somewhere, although we may not see,
 Are broken hearts subdued by pain,
 Rebellious of life's mystery,
 Rebellious of duality
 Of Joy and Grief. Who can explain?

WATERLOO

TODAY the Titans meet,
 Men, horses, guns, complete;
 Have often met before,
 After today, no more.

The clouds have flown away
This beautiful June day,
But everywhere the mud
Tonight all red with blood.

Napoleon is asleep;
His order is to keep
Silence around his tent
On pain of punishment.

At eight he wakes and roars!
His venom he outpours.
Ah, Sire, it is too late—
It is the sleep of Fate.

The earth now trembles under
The tramp of steeds; the thunder
Of cannon splits the air—
Men mangled everywhere.

The impetuous French advance
With Tri-color of France
And backward push their foes
As pandemonium rose.

The Lions plant their feet
In sodden fields of wheat,
While Ney comes thundering on
Direct at Wellington.

“Oh that the night would come
Or Blücher!” But the boom
Of cannon all around
Of Blücher brings no sound.

But soon a flag appears
Eastward, and rousing cheers

And songsters at the sunrise greet
The radiant morning hour.

Far out beyond the green I see
Vast vistas of the boundless blue;
Like ghosts the clouds drift silently
Lost in the void immensity
With ever changing hue.

Beneath the blueness of the sky,
Amid the greenness of the wood,
Where birds and bees go singing by,
The cynic's quibbling I defy
And feel God's fatherhood.

I question not the origin
Of aught I see above, below,
Nor rack my brain for how or when
Man's life began, or what is sin,
Or where the comets go.

'Tis here I learn to give my thought
Loose rein and let it riot free;
'Tis here I see what God has wrought,
How little man's conceit has brought
Of true philosophy.

From bird and bloom and blade of grass
A voice in silence speaks to me;
In the primeval wilderness
I see in nature as a glass
My immortality.

All adumbrating types repealed
Here speaks God truly to the soul;
All formal symmetry concealed,

As in the Burning Bush revealed,
He fills, informs the whole.

In that great temple of the soul
Where life flows with majestic tide
And thunderous diapasons roll
Beyond the power of death's control,
No skeptic can abide.

No Memnon's music there is made,
No Delphic oracle is there;
No wind as in Dodona's shade,
No fire, as when Elijah prayed,
No angels in the air.

Here in the silence I commune
With nature and with nature's Lord
And chant His praises without tune;
No mysteries of a God triune
Demand my thought or word.

No bleeding victim here I need,
No perfumed censer here I see;
From jargon of cult or creed,
From rules and rites forever freed
Of dogma or decree.

I seek no great, cherubic throng
Where saints in robes of light may sit;
No place where golden streets belong,
No choirs immortal, or their song;
Only the Infinite.

God of the wondrous solitude
Help me Thy footsteps here to see,
To stand not as the priest has stood,

To prate of death and hell and blood,
But just to follow Thee.

And oh, Thou uncreated Love
Who fillest the world with light and grace,
Through life, through death toward Thee I move,
Until eternity shall prove
Thyself my resting-place.

WHAT I LOVE

I LOVE the simple, primal things
That bear the stamp of nature's mint,
That first the thought of power brings
And then the joy of beauty's glint.

I love the clouds that sail amain
Like ships upon the ocean blue,
The winds that die and rise again,
The sunset's ever changing hue.

I love the voices of the spring
That call the flowers to life again,
The pattering raindrops as they bring
Refreshing showers to thirsty plain.

I love the mountains rough and grand
That prop the overhanging skies
And drop their boulders on the sand
Round which the fringing forest lies.

I love the mystery of the deep
As quiet as a little child,
The roaring waves that o'er it sweep
With fierce demoniac force and wild.

I love the lightning's awful glare
That horrifies with bright excess
And the tremendous crashing where
It falls upon the wilderness.

I love the feathery flakes that fall
And circle to the earth below,
The vine that clammers up the wall
And blooms in spite of falling snow.

I love the rivers as they flow
With majesty into the sea—
Types of the centuries that go
Onward into eternity.

I love the honest man who tries
To serve the age in which he lives,
Who daily makes some sacrifice
And daily some glad service gives.

I love, who does not love, to feel
That, though our progress may be slow,
We shall attain the final weal
That waits us in life's after-glow.

REVERIE

LAST night while rest and slumber were denied
And darkened skies forbade the coming day,
I heard the vast confusion of the tide
Along the bay.

I heard the distant booming of its guns,
The low, continuous muttering of the sea,
The raucous grind as forth and back it runs
Continually.

I heard the steeds of Neptune strike their feet
Upon Cyclopean rocks that pave the shore,
The age-long strife where force with force must
 meet
Forevermore.

And soon beyond the boundaries of the deep
Night gathered up her robes as in dismay,
The pencilings of morning upward sweep
And lead the day.

I see upon the bare and barren ground
Funereal signs in garden, fields and trees,
And then spring's low sweet trumpets all around
To birds, grass, bees.

The sun-god starts upon his southern course
And drives his chariot through the flaming skies,
For in the realms of all the universe
Life death defies.

I know the questions of the earnest mind,
I feel its hopes, its fears all unsuppressed,
The piteous pleadings of the heart to find
Some final rest.

Then, evermore, the answer comes to me:—
Beyond life's tide, beyond its setting sun,
The task unfinished but assigned to thee
Must yet be done.

But how, or where, or with what vast degree
Or circumscribed by compass of the soul,
I know eternal love will pilot me
Unto the goal.

APRIL

HOW chaste the apple-blossoms white
That wave in the translucent light
Which glows in April days,
How sweet the odor that distills,
With velvet air the orchard fills
And dies in distant haze.

Across the meadow green arise
Blue rings of smoke up to the skies
From chimneys old and gray,
As though upon Druidic stone
A victim bleeds and dies alone
Shut out from light of day.

The cock rings out his canzonet
And leads his harem where the wet
Drips down from clover buds;
The swallow dropping from the sky
With lightning wings goes twittering by
And lost beyond the woods.

The sun pours down in crimson flood
As rich as sacrificial blood,
Yet guiltless of its stain;
When all at once the forests roar
And down the pattering raindrops pour—
Then floods of light again.

The hawthorne standing by the brook
With dripping buds in sunny nook
Supports her bridal vine,
The dogwood on the hills afar
Glowing white, half hid by the cymar
Of amorous muscadine.

The walnut glad the winter's gone
 Her garniture of green puts on
 And waves her tassels long,
 The birds in feathered parliament
 Declare with no voice dissident
 Her shade the hall of song.

The water leaping from the rocks
 Makes music as it falls and mocks
 The gloom I hold so dear,
 And singing hurries to the sea,
 Its merry voices say to me
 Away with doubt and fear.

Ah, could I banish thought's eclipse
 And hear, dear friends, from your mute lips
 The truths that nature brings,
 I know one chorus you would swell:—
 "Art thou a Master in Israel
 And knowest not these things?"

BEYOND THE GATES

OUT yonder in the moonlight lies
 A sleeping multitude,
 The rich, the poor, the fool, the wise,
 The royal and the rude.
 A marble shaft, a piece of board
 From grassy mounds arise,
 Some few the simple truth afford,
 The rest but loving lies.

But why should aught but simple truth
 Be lettered on each stone?
 The best some grievous wrong, forsooth

The worst some good have done.
And whether wholly good or bad
Is not for us to say,
For they, if brighter light had had,
Had wrought a different way.

Thus, good or bad at every step
Our earthly lives disclose,
Today by passion we are swept,
Tomorrow in repose.
But still we keep with steady way
Our course through storm and shine,
Waiting the dawning of the day
That brings us the divine.

And you, who strive for higher good,
The noble and the true,
You shall be judged by what you would
Rather than what you do.
For man does not attain to what
His nature shows his due,
And often what he wishes not
By chance is driven to.

Yet, let us not despise the wind
That drives our bark away
Nor grieve for what we left behind
Nor yearn for happier day.
For brighter yet the stars may rise
And lovelier suns appear
With greener fields and bluer skies
Than those that greet us here.

One thing we know, and that right well,
Whatever wind may come,
Whatever threatening wave may swell,

They bear us nearer home.
And further, when we end our quest,
We surely know that we
Will have attained to what is best,
What e'er that best shall be.

WHAT I SAID TO LAURA

I SAID to Laura—but the wind
Blew open the unbolted door
And Laura's gloves and my silk hat
Went circling round upon the floor.

I said to Laura as we walked
About upon the new mown hay—
Just then her father called and said,
“The church, my dear, has blown away.”

I said to Laura as we drove
By fields of golden wheat in shock
And dropped the lines to emphasize—
The buggy dumped us on a rock.

I said to Laura on the street
While strolling out one glorious morn—
I struck my toe against a brick
And knocked the kernel from a corn.

I said to Laura as the car
Went rolling down the boulevard—
An old friend slapped me on the back
And said, “I'm glad to see you, pard.”

I said to Laura as we sat
Beside the ocean wide and deep

With hand upon my throbbing heart—
But she had fallen fast asleep.

I said to Laura as we sat
Beneath a poplar tree and dreamed—
A bumble-bee lit on her hat
And Laura bounded up and screamed.

I said to Laura at her home
(I felt that I must speak or die)
Just then her grandmama came in—
I said to both of them, Goodbye.

UNCLE EPH'S CAT-FIGHT

YAS, honey, I ain't nuver tole you
Nuth'n but de truf;
Case mammy always said
Dat ever single day
Would sen de proof,
Ef you is right in whut you do
An ever thing you say;
An den you needn't be afeared
Er nuth'n. Ain't dat true?"

"Well, Uncle Eph, please tell again
About the big cat-fight;
I tried to tell it to my cousin Jane,
But couldn't get it right."

"No honey, dey ain't nobody can
Tell it, cep'n he seed it;
But if he done dat, you know,
He can make yer on-er-stan
An splain how hit is so."

"Oh, Uncle Eph, you are so good!
 I told my city cousin that you would.
 Tell it exactly as you did last night,
 How those big tom-cats stood straight up to fight
 And how the—"Hit sho wuz fun,"
 Said Uncle Eph, who had begun
 To fumble in his pocket. "Jes wait,
 Till I git out my 'bacca— Dar!
 Run in the house, honey, tell yer pa
 Ter sen me some.
 By de time yer come
 Back, I'll git it thun̄k out straight!"

Uncle Eph's eyes looked like a rocket!
 A half a plug—it went into his pocket.
 "Hit wuz befo de war, bout fourteen year
 Ez nigh ez I kin rickermember,
 De same year dat de stars fell in November,
 Er some udder munt. I hear
 Em say Sunday dey gwine fight
 Dem big tomcats, jes fo night."
 "Sunday?" said Janey in affright;
 "Yas, Sunday, chile, fer dat's
 De bestest time ter fight wīd cats!

"Well, dey made er ring about
 Eight foot ercross. De men stood thick
 Erroun so de cats can't git out.
 And den dey ontied de sacks an quick
 Dem two big tom-cats wuz dumped
 In de middle uv de ring. I nuver heerd
 Sech squawkin, ez when dem cats jumped
 On one another! I wuz skeered
 Nearly tō death. I seed de har
 Er flying lak snow-birds in de ar!
 En soon de dus' wuz so thick, mine you,

You couldn't see yer han' behin' yer!
Dey tails went whizzin roun an roun
Lak fishing poles wid one en in de groun.
Over dey rolled, an up and down
Bout eighty times—Good lan!
Miss Jane, yo cousin's frown
Shows dat she don't zakly on-er-stan
De natur uv er cat!
I kin see dat."

The little girls were trembling; not a word
From either one of them was heard.
And Uncle Eph began to scratch his head:—
"I'm gwine ter tell ye now de res," he said.

"Dey fit erbout er hour, en bime-by
I see de devil in de black cat's eye.
An den he fix he fouts, jes so,
An drawed hissself up in er bow
An jumped, he did, on top of tother one,
He scratched wid bof his fore-fouts
And bit jes lak de udder cat wuz meat
Dat he wuz gwine ter eat.
And den I heerd a man say Goodbye
White cat, fer you is boun ter die!"

"Oh, Uncle Eph," the city cousin cried
"What made them let them fight until they died?"
Then Uncle Eph, scratching his head again,
Said, "Dat's de thing I'm tryin fer to splain."

"De big white cat jes riz up, you bet,
Tho' all his upper part wuz hid,
Ez if ter say, You ain done whip me yet;
En den, he 'gin ter spring, he did,
Right on top of de black cat in de ar!

Dat's monstrus strange, but I declar
 De black one jump ergin upon de white
 One; en dem two tom-cats kep er humpin
 En each one uv 'em on de yother jumpin,
 Tell de las time I seed 'em in de fight
 Day bofe done gon ezakly out er sight!"

DOCTOR BLAZES

WE now must mourn an absent one
 Cut off in manhood's powers,
 Who lately had his friend's regard
 But has no longer hours.

A dentist's trade he followed
 And of money had possession,
 Although he often said it was
 A hand to mouth profession.

Although a very pleasant man,
 With disposition sunny,
 One quite persistent vise he had
 And used it to make money.

He sometimes entertained the poor
 With good advice at dinners
 And often talked of golden crowns
 To rich, hard-hearted sinners.

Gravely he talked of temperance,
 This wonderful tooth-puller,
 And seldom did he get so full
 But could have gotten fuller.

He loved his church and grieved to see
 From her the least defection,

And often paid her bills himself—
Just after a collection.

He loved to hear the organ play
It's joyous tones revealing,
And sometimes when his mouth was sore
He sang with tender feeling.

And when he sinned, he would pray twice,
Upon the sins enlarging;
Salvation was a future deal
And he put up the margin.

And when his daughter married Jones,
The doctor of the village,
He said that though a pious girl,
She now must live on pillage.

He had for his dear wife the love
The poet always praises;
In peace he called her Helen dear—
In wrath, just Helen Blazes!

And when some twins came to his home
Upon a Sabbath balmy,
He called one of them Hallie-Lou
And named the other Psalmie.

And when he died it chilled his heart
That no one now would love him;
He said that when they buried him
His friends would be above him.

Then let us gather round his grave
And drop some tears of sorrow;
He died bankrupt, we hold his notes
And mine are due tomorrow.

THE LAST BUBBLE

AN old man sat with pipe and pan
(He was twice a child and once a man)
On a fair June day as the shadows ran
From hill to vale from vale to hill,
While the birds were mute and the air was still.
His head hung low as he oft had done
On a summer day at set of sun.
Alone he sat and a gorgeous ray
Fell on his pipe and glanced away,
And he said in dreamy words and low
"I shall see them again before I go."

He dipped his pipe in the sparkling pan
Where the glossy bubbles to clusters ran,
And slowly filled its bowl and blew
With tremulous hand, yet breathing true;
And then there came from the magical stem
A faded scene, but many a gem
Reflected the light with changing sheen
Of purple, yellow, of blue and green,
Then loosed its hold from the pipe of clay
And shimmering drifted slowly away.

"An unfinished vision," the old man said,
As the early days of childhood sped,
For soon from hearts and hopes endeared
Those days of childhood disappeared.

Softly he blew the pipe again,
Soft as a breeze o'er flowery plain;
And the old man's heart again was young
And filled with the songs his youth had sung,
Songs that the angels might have heard,

Learned from the brook, the kite and bird;
For he saw in the hues reflected fair
His boyhood home and his playmates there.
And his mother standing in the door,
The dear old face he will see no more.

The old man mused for a little while,
His eyes were wet, but a happy smile
Showed that he felt the inward glow
That the world thought dead long years ago.

Gently he blew; a bright young face
Was mirrored in the bubble; its grace
Showed once again the waving hair
That halfway hid a brow so fair;
And the blue eyes gleaming just below
Said by their lustre, "Again we glow
For you, dear one, as we used to do."
And the old man cried, "Oh, wife, 'tis you
Who have come again to call me away!
I will go with you at the close of day."

Again he blew. As the bubble swelled
A fair young girl his eyes beheld
Radiant as angel from the skies
With the tender blue of her mother's eyes;
But her hair was just as his had been
When he roamed the hills and valleys green;
And, though his eyes with tears were dim,
He saw her arms stretched out to him
As if to say in her early bloom
"Come, dearest father, I beg you, come."

He raised his hands as if to stay
Her spirit-form but she went away;
His breath came fast, and he whispered then
"I'll soon be with you, daughter, again."

Once more he blew, it was his last
 And he saw the war-clouds overcast,
 His people torn with rude alarms
 And he heard the cry "To arms, to arms!"
 Then, a slender youth with noble mien
 Went galloping forth. Long since, the green
 That follows the dreadful battle-storm
 Had hidden his new gray uniform.
 Again, in the glory of youth he came
 And lovingly called his father's name.

The ray had faded, the light was gone,
 Yet the old man sat for a while alone,
 Then, bent his head as he had at first;
 He heard sweet voices! Life's bubble had burst.

NO SUBSTITUTE

SOME things must be, or must not be;
 No vacillating substitute
 In time or in eternity
 Can ever suit.

There is no substitute for work
 With mind or heart or soul; alas,
 How often tried by sham to shirk—
 It will not pass.

There is no substitute for truth;
 Evasion, subterfuge are crass
 Hypocrisy and lies. Oh youth,
 They will not pass.

There is no substitute for gold;
 Go mix your silver, copper, brass

And change your mixture till you're old—
It will not pass.

There is no substitute for love;
Ask any little country lass,
A turned-up nose alone will prove
It will not pass.

There is no substitute for death,
For man, the heavens and for the mass
Of everything above, beneath
It comes to pass.

Be wise, for ignorance is guilt;
Nor should we ever think it strange
That laws on which is Kosmos built
Will ever change.

MY MOTHER'S DEATH

MY mother lay upon her bed
In mortal agony
And though not two years was she wed,
She gave her life for me.

Pure as the unpolluted snow
And warm her Southern heart,
Her dying eyes gave forth the glow
That knows no painter's art.

Calm and serene, she sweetly spoke
To those who stood near by,
Nor intermittent pain awoke
The tribute of a sigh.

She bade her relatives farewell
And kissed her sleeping child,
Then went away with Christ to dwell
And all his undefiled.

She knew not what it was to doubt
The gospel Christ had given;
So, when life's candles here burned out,
They brighter glowed in Heaven.

And those who saw her fade away
Like sunbeam from the sky
Felt they would here no longer stay,
If they, as she, could die.

How oft I've knelt beside her grave
Where she so long has lain,
And every time my thanks I gave
That she is free from pain.

For though I know she is not there
Within the grave's dark night,
Her ashes are my holiest care,
Her memory sad delight.

When, too, my summons is received
To cross the great divide,
I'd give ten thousand worlds to have lived
As she has lived and died.

And when my life is blent with hers
Radiant with Heaven's bloom,
I'll read no more with joyous tears
These words upon her tomb:—

“Her life was peaceful as a dove,
She died as blossoms die,

And now her spirit floats above,
A seraph of the sky."

Now, what I have from childhood thought
For the first time is said,
This filial tribute I have brought
To Mother living—dead.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S BOY

TWO neighbors living on a street
Would often on the sidewalk meet,
One puffing from a good cigar,
One thinking of a catchy bar
Snatched from a passing opera.
No need was there to fret or pine,
Their health was good, their business fine
With money in the bank to pay
The business calls of every day.
Their wives were beautiful; no class
In lovely manners could surpass,
And everything conspired to bless
Their lives and bring them happiness.

But sometimes in the calmest mind
A touch of sorrow one may find,
Not deep, or pungent, but enough
To indicate that some rebuff
Or some miscarriage of a plan
Has left its impress on the man,
Has for a moment changed his air
As if some cloud were passing there.
And thus one morning as they met
Jones puffed his fragrant weed, but yet
'Twas plain to see he entertained

Something that gave him inward pain;
And, though with easy air he tried
To cast the vagrant thought aside,
It made him quite abstracted seem
As if he walked half in a dream.

Smith, too, more serious was today
Than was his customary way,
And looking, one would think that he
A slightly moodier air could see
Harbored within his placid breast
That made him seem a bit distressed.
Then, looking up he saw nearby
His neighbor, and at once his eye
Beamed forth in its accustomed way,
As sunshine after showers in May.

“Hello,” cried Jones, “you seem to be
Wrapped in some sort of reverie.
I hope no circumstance or word
Your usual happiness has marred,
But, if such thing unhappy be,
My friend, feel free to call on me
And calling be assured that I
Will never pass your burdens by.”

“Thanks, friend,” said Smith, “you are indeed
The very counsellor I need;
And possibly you may suggest
The thing of which I am in quest.”
Said Jones, “I’ll do my very best;
Working together we will seek
A way to solve your problem. Speak.”

“You know,” said Smith, “I have a son
Whose high school work is nearly done;

Who every time, thus far, has made
A splendid mark in every grade.
He knows his English well indeed,
And easy French at sight can read;
And if to Latin we should go
The prime essentials does he know,
And Cæsar loves and Cicero.
In Greek through grammar he has gone,
Has read four books of Xenophon,
Knows every verbal conjugation
And each pronominal relation."

"Great Scott!" said Jones, "don't tell me so;
A rocket to the sky he'll go."

"In History I could not ask
That you assign an easier task
That he in order strict should name
Each British sovereign known to fame
With birth and deeds and death of same.
He can discuss with perfect ease
The classic age of Pericles,
The unjust death of Socrates,
The victory of Miltiades,
The treason of Themistocles,
The speeches of Demosthenes,
And other famous things like these."

Jones said, "That sounds strange to me!
His pants come only to his knee."

"In Roman history he can tell
The names of those who rose and fell
From Remus killed beside his wall
To Cæsar, conqueror of Gaul.
He's excellent in mathematics,

At home in difficult quadratics;
And with geometry before them
He's first across pons asinorum."

When Smith had finished, Jones replied:—
"I think you should be satisfied;
Indeed, I'd give the world if he
Were mine, so happy I would be.
What need you further to express
The fullness of your happiness?"

"One thing alone. Like other boys
If he would only make a noise—
Would whistle or knock down a chair,
Or yelling toss his hat in air,
Or turn a somer-sault and scream,
Or steal his mother's Jersey cream;
Or some good runner would outspeed
And not just sit and read and read—
He'd be to me a perfect joy
Were he a copy of your boy."

Jones took a whiff of his cigar
And blew the circling rings afar,
And had a far-off solemn look
As from his lips the stub he took,
And said: "My friend, it's very strange
Our thoughts should take the selfsame range,
For when we met, my thoughts were on
The problem furnished by my son,
Wishing that he might be like yours
And fill his young mind with the stores
Of science and of history.
To me it is a mystery
Why he goes crazy about ball,
Nor scarcely wants to read at all."

Said Smith, "That's fine, yes, very fine
To see him lead the foot-ball line."

"He knows the weight of every bat,
The size of every sprinter's hat,
He knows the make of every ball;
In vaulting never gets a fall.
In fact, the shibboleth of game
Is his as easy as his name.
For books he doesn't care a rip,
And often he from school will slip
And spend his time in some clear pool
Of water ten feet deep and cool."

Smith: "That's the kind of boy for me—
The kind I was in Tennessee."
Said Jones, "To satisfy each one,
I banter you that this be done—
That for a month your boy be mine
And mine be yours. That would be fine!
Each day to do as he has done
At home, reading or having fun."
Smith said: "That plan I think is right,
We'll make the trade and change tonight."

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Jones
That night in her most charming tones;
"I'm glad to see you, Tommy dear,
And hope you'll have a good time here.
Just feel at home and if you need
A book or magazine to read
In the library, second floor,
You'll find all that you need, and more.
Breakfast at nine, dinner at seven
With lunch; and lights out at eleven."

Tom was delighted with the plan
And right up to his room he ran
And said, "This is a glorious nook;
How have I longed to read this book."

"How did you rest?" inquired his host
At breakfast. "Sir, it was the most
Delightful time I ever had;
I'm sure I never felt more glad."
And breakfast done, upstairs he went
And o'er his books till evening bent.
He passed the day with not a word
In room or hall or garret heard;
And Mrs. Jones in rapture smiled
And said, "Were Tommy but my child!"

Said Mrs. Smith, "I'm glad that you,
Dear Sammy, have decided to
Remain with us a month or so;
You're welcome, dear, and you may go
Or come at any time you wish.
Just have a good time, hunt and fish
And swim, play ball, do anything
That pleasure unto you will bring;
And if you have some other boys
With you at times and make a noise
We shall not think that you are rude,
Or on our rest at night intrude;
For our dear boy cares not for fun,
It's books from rise to set of sun."

Sam yelled and said, "Since I have come
You make me feel at home, by gum,
And now, I hope that you will see
Just what a rooster ought to be."

A week passed by, when on the street
The two friends chanced again to meet
And each one gave the glad right hand,
The best pleased man in all the land.
Jones puffing rings toward the sky,
A merry twinkle in his eye,
Cried in exuberance of glee,
"Just deed that boy, my friend, to me;
A thousand dollars, sir, to boot!
Just make the deed, I dare you do it."

Then Smith replied: "I'm very glad
That I the lucky chance have had
To study more the manly powers
Of your boy, Jones, as well as ours.
Your boy at times has raised a din
Above, below, without, within
And made me think sometimes he'd break
A kind of dare-devil his neck.
But though inclined to have his fun
He only does as I have done
When I was young and full of life.
And how it does delight my wife
To see him swing a two-pound bat
Or turn a somer-sault; why, that
Is just the thing I wish to see;
No moping, book-worm boy for me!"

Each wished the other one good day
And both went musing on their way
And each one grieving that he had
Swindled his dearest friend so bad;
For though there was no formal trade
Each chuckled at the deal he made.

Two weeks more passed. 'Twas Friday night
And Jones came home. The house was bright

And warm and pleasant as could be,
But Mrs. Jones sat silently,
And seemed as though she were intent
On something. So Jones kindly bent
And took the idle hand and said,
"Have you the latest novel read?"
"I have not read a single thing
For a whole week. I cannot bring
My mind to do so." "Why, my dear,
Is there a cause for worry here?
If so I beg you to dismiss
Such worry; and remember this—
No cloud shall come across your way
That I can hinder night or day."
On the piano front she bowed
Her head and wept, yes, sobbed aloud.
Between her sobs she cried, "His room
Is just as silent as a tomb!
For a whole week I have not heard
A whistle, laugh or spoken word,
Oh, bring my Sammy back again
And never more will I complain."

That night just after sipping tea
His wife said, "Mr. Smith, hear me!
I'm tired of this silly trade
That you and Mr. Jones have made.
I do not wish to give offense
To our friends; but there's no sense
In longer keeping him. You know
Sammy should to his parents go.
Remember this, I told you so!"

These fathers still are loyal friends
And each his money freely spends
For other's good. No more they trade,

But laugh yet at the one they made.
Their wives are just as good and sweet,
But not so often do they meet;
And each her own designs employs
For raising and for ruling boys.
For, good or bad, for large or small,
The mother loves them best of all.

OH, SOUL OF MINE

O H, Soul of mine, whence didst thou come
To make this mortal flesh thy home?
Afar or near, above, beneath?
Art thou a substance or a breath?
Today thou art
The nobler part
Of that complex and wondrous thing
A man—a peasant or a king.

Thou are not simply flesh and blood;
Too much of evil and of good
Are found in thy complexity.
No animal can think like thee
And meet the strife
Of daily life
All conscious that in after days
Thy pains will bring thee greater praise.

To suffer and be strong, to grope
In darkness without seeming hope;
Through sable forms of deep distress
Onward and upward still to press,
Nor backward try
To turn thine eye
To scenes enshrined in happier hours—
These manifest thy psychic powers.

Though all thou knowest as yet is here
Within this rosy flesh so dear,
Soul, art thou satisfied to dwell
Forever in this earthly cell,
While powers within
Make thee akin
To those who live forevermore
In domes of light on fairer shore?

Though birds and bees and fragrant flowers,
Sunshine and alternating showers
Make the sweet fullness of thy day,
Nor friendship die nor love decay,
Of very joy
Thou soon must cloy
And long to turn life's unseen page
Where nobler themes and thoughts engage.

Thou canst not think and look afar
At the bright radiance of a star
But thou must feel it has for thee
A voice and mystic minstrelsy,
A light divine
On thee to shine;
Thy fellow, though so far away,
Invites thee, Soul, to brighter day.

Though thou couldst fly on seraph wing
Through earth and sky; though thou couldst sing
As sang the first-born sons of light;
Though thou hadst Jovian mind and might
Thou must abide
Unsatisfied
'Till God in mercy show to thee
Oh, Soul, thy immortality.

Then fear not the approaching hour
Nor pale at dissolution's power;
In some bright realm, with death behind,
Thou shalt behold the eternal Mind
And end thy quest
And enter rest—
Rest, for thou hast attained thy goal
With naught beyond, oh, restless Soul.

LUCK

THERE are two kinds of people a'most every-
where;

The first kind just sit down and sit,
But the other ones hustle and rustle and rear
To go—and they git up and git.

Don't sit down and whine and gag about luck,
For luck, like a whiner's, a fool;
Just hold to your job, for Holding and Pluck
And Hard-knocks are the best books in school.

Ten thousand ahead of you learned in that school,
And stuck to their jobs with a grin,
For the fellow that sticks like a tick, as a rule,
In the long run and short run will win.

It isn't the duds that you have on your back
Nor the rocks you pack in your jeans,
It's the gift my son, of toil and tact
When once you have spilt your beans.

Don't go all the gaits, just one is enough,
And measure your speed to your pile,
Keep on keeping on past highbrow and tough,
And you'll come to the goal with a smile.

THE FOOLISH BIRD

A FOOLISH bird
One howling winter's day
By folly stirred
Had drifted far away
From hayrick warm
And shiny grains of wheat
Into the storm
With freezing wings and feet.

No bug or seed,
No cover on her back,
Nor home, indeed,
Nor shingle in a crack;
And everywhere
As far as eye could go
Were freezing air
And heaps of drifting snow.

It was too late,
She could not now repent,
And cruel fate
No favored moment lent;
In headling way
She hastened swiftly on
Until the day
And help and hope were gone.

What made the bird
Leave home and food behind?
Had she e'er heard
Of such in human kind?
I cannot name
Her reason, but I know,

When morning came
She lay beneath the snow.

THE PROFESSOR

A CERTAIN teacher, drumming for his school,
Put into his deep pockets, as his rule,
His catalogues and papers, so that he
Might not permit the vulgar crowd to see
His wares. 'Twas not that he had fear
Of ridicule, but that he might appear
No pedant. Full of conscious worth
He felt his work of all things on the earth
Was noblest. His it was to gaze
Upon the beautiful and thus to raise
The aspiring and the earnest youth
To higher effort to attain the truth.
His greatest joy to cultivate the mind
And heart, and everywhere to find
Conducive means amid life's busy swirl
To make himself a blessing to the world.
Thus meditating, though he did not speak,
He rises, when he hears the whistle shriek,
Descends the steps amid a jostling crowd,
'Mid noisy cabmen surging, yelling loud,
He takes his seat, the only one aboard,
And sits erect, as though he were a lord.
"Whar is yer baggage, boss?" the porter said.
"I have no baggage," shaking too, his head.
Sambo was silent, but he looked perplexed
As if to say "Dar! What mus' I do next?"
Then, looking sharply at his newfound guest
He sought to lay such questioning at rest.
"Is you a drummer, boss, if I mout ax?"
"Indeed, yes, porter, you have guessed the facts."

“ ’An what yer sell, grindstones er winder-panes?”
 “Neither, good porter, I sell only brains.”
 Sambo stood silent, looking at the sky.
 Then, nonchalantly to him made reply:—
 “Boss, in my day, I’s many drummers foun,
 But you’s de fust don’t take no samples roun!”

MINISTERING SPIRITS

(To Memory of Mrs. Laura Jennings and Mrs.
 Mollie Morgan.)

HOW often when the night has come
 And things of sense are hidden,
 A holy feeling fills the home
 As though a guest unbidden,

But welcome still, is standing near
 With tender, loving feeling,
 A sweet seraphic messenger,
 With balm for grief revealing.

Thus, oftentimes in midnight’s awe
 We see on airy ladder
 Such forms as sleeping Jacob saw
 Yet holier and gladder.

For they were once of our blood
 And passed through death’s dark portal,
 Ere they went up to live with God
 In fellowship immortal.

And though the voice no longer speaks
 The language here once spoken,
 And though the heart no longer breaks
 Nor grieves for others broken,

They hover o'er each humble home
By learning undefended,
Where faith and hope and love have come
And sin and doubt have ended.

But give us this sweet confidence
With all thy gracious giving,
To see, oh God, through films of sense
That our beloved are living.

Believing this, we still can bear
Each providence distressing
And fill the nights of grief and care
With Bethels of thy blessing.

THE GLOAMING

I OFTEN sit in the gloaming
That follows the fading day
And my mind goes swiftly roaming
To the things of yesterday;
And a sweet and sacred feeling
Steals o'er my heart revealing
That I am not here to stay.

Sometimes I feel uncertain
If life be grave or gay,
Sometimes that death is a curtain
To hide an eternal May;
And then with a feeling tender
I read in the fading splendor
I am not here to stay.

I am neither sad nor lonely
For a world that has passed away,
Not dead—but vanished only

Into the shadows gray;
 For, whatever things I'm seeking,
 They tell me plainly speaking
 I am not here to stay.

THE PRINCESS AND THE MILKMAID ¹

SHE sits by the window a captive young maiden
 And sees a poor milk-maid go merrily by,
 A Plantagenet princess, by care she is laden
 With gloom in her heart and a tear in her eye.

Oh, would I were but a child of a yoeman
 Whose grass-covered cottage I yesterday saw,
 Whose brave Saxon heart is opposed to the foeman,
 Whose board, although scanty, protected by law.

For what is a palace if love is not in it
 Or what are the trappings of birth and of fame?
 Far better a cottage if merit should win it,
 Though rustic the owner and humble the name.

Far happier the milkmaid who thinks of her lover
 And sings of the day that her wedding may bring
 Than the princess who soon the fact will discover
 That she lives in a prison, the child of a king.

Though heir to the realm, though her blood may be
 royal,
 Though honor and riches are heaped by her side,
 She dreams in her heart of a lover that's loyal
 And yearns for a husband who loves but his bride.

¹ This scene is attributed by Miss Strickland to the Princess Elizabeth when a captive by Queen Mary in the Castle of Woodstock.

She may have the devotion of all of her nation,
She may have all the honor that comes as her due,
But the crown that she craves is the virtuous obla-
tion
That springs from a love that is steadfast and true.

For, say what you will, a queen's but a woman
And love is the most precious gem that she brings,
And he who would trifle with that is inhuman
Though varied his titles as Nestor of Kings.

The prince may be true as the swain who is riding
The furrows of labor with strong, manly form,
The swain may be noble as prince who is guiding
The vessel of state that is breasting the storm.

Yes, happy the milkmaid whose swain's love abid-
ing
Prepares her a cot by the wheat or the corn,
Thrice happy the princess whose lover confiding
Is true to that love which her virtues adorn.

Then, what is a palace if love is not in it?
And what is a cot if but true love be there?
If you have not loved, it is time to begin it—
The love of the pure for the love of the fair.

FORWARD LOOKING

THE Past is dead and buried now
Which so much suffering bore,
The laurels that adorn its brow
Are green for evermore.
Another age has dawned, the world
Speeds onward toward the light

And mighty hosts with flags unfurled
Are guardians of the right.

Back to the Motherland we went
Our own in blood and creed,
Back to her when her strength was spent
And we beheld her need.
Back to our Mother's friend and foe
Whose aid can we forget?
Back to the land of Rochambeau,
To the Tomb of La Fayette.

The foe we fought should not complain,
The work was quickly done,
And the old quest of Aquitaine
Was ended for the Hun.
We did again what Cæsar did
Two thousand years ago
That Gaul and Belgium might be rid
Of their old robber foe.

No narrow bounds again will cramp
The seas on which we sail,
No selfish creed again shall damp
The faith that must prevail.
The fear of God which made us free,
The law which made us great
Will keep us so, and this shall be
The glory of our state.

And so the Old is dead and gone,
The New is here to stay,
The rock which once we split upon
No longer bars our way.
And thus our old-time debts we pay,
For we must stand or fall

As we advance the new-made way
With Britain and with Gaul.

THE CROWNING

JESUS is coming, the multitude waits
His royal approach to Jerusalem's gates;
From temple and palace and slum come the throng,
To crown Judah's Lion who tarries so long.

There are Levites devout who have prayed on for
years,
There are Annas and Simeons joyous in tears,
While publicans, lepers and harlots go out,
For Shiloh has come to his Kingdom, they shout.

The sisters from Bethany, Lazarus true,
And poor Magdalene weeping anew
With gratitude, and rich Zacchaeus again
Greets blind Bartimaeus and the Widow of Nain.

There was she whom the crafty Pharisees sought
The Christ to condemn—they had not been caught;
The woman who stood by Samaria's well,
And the man from the Tombs came his praises to
swell.

The Syrophoenician daughter now fair,
The paralyzed man of Bethesda are there
And the foolish Young Ruler who turned away sad,
And the Prodigal Son with his father are glad.

No wonder they shout with delirious joy,
The Promised has come Zion's foes to destroy—
Not the Romans, oh, no! but a triumph to win
With the hosts of the Lord o'er the kingdom of
sin.

Hosanna! The paeon goes up to the skies,
 Blest be David's Son, the multitude cries,
 And the olive trees wave o'er the path as he goes
 Regaled by the perfume of myrtle and rose.

Surely, never a king had an entry so great,
 Nor subjects like his, nor endless estate;
 Tomorrow the Priest-King all sprinkled with blood
 Will be crowned on his throne, the Anointed of
 God.

AT THE CARNEGIE

I SOMETIMES go and spend an hour
 Down at the Carnegie,
 Where the librarian knows her books
 And promptly answers me.

"I have just left the freezing street,
 It sleets and snows by turns;
 What shall I read to make me warm?"
 She answered, "Robert Burns."

Another time it was so hot
 My breath seemed almost gone,
 "What is the coolest book you have?"
 "The Prisoner of Chillon."

One day I was so hungry
 That I could not read in peace;
 I told her so, she said, "You need
 Studies in Modern Greece."

I was not satisfied, I wished
 Philosophy or song;
 Greece did not suit my appetite—
 "Why, Bacon take along."

Another time, depressed I said,
"I want to tell you this:
My heart is heavy and I need—"
She said "The Songs of Bliss."

One day I said, "I want a book
To take away my pride
And make me feel the inward need—"
She gave me Akinside.

"I want to be an engineer
And learn to build a road,
To lay foundation, top it off—"
"Shelley, I think, is good."

"If I should be a dairyman,
What book would you suggest
Describing cattle, giving plan—"
"Why, Cowper is the best."

"I had a chill this morning
And its dread effect I feel;
Give me a book to brace me up—"
"Here are the Works of Steele."

"What author makes one feel the most
The joys of future hope
And helps one most to love his church?"
She said, "Why, surely, Pope."

"I want some verses for a friend
Whose life is quite forlorn;
I want to prove that death is gain—"
"Just let him read your own."

I thus perceived she knew her books,
That none could be above her;

“Please, give me now your favorite—”
She blushed at Samuel Lover.

“Ah! How you set my heart on fire!
With love I truly pant;
Will you be mine to bless my life?”
“I’m sorry, sir, I Kant.”

“It seems you’re very much inclined
With me to have some fun;
Say, is it not against the rules—”
“My dear sir, I am Donne.”

THE ARMADA

’T WAS in the days of Philip the Second, you’ve
heard of him I guess,
In the time of Merrie England, in the reign of
Elizabeth
The King thought of his dignity and Mary Tudor’s
throne
And he decided to claim her right and take it for his
own.

For Elizabeth was a heretic and, hence, should suf-
fer death,
Though the Pope had called King Henry “Defender
of the Faith”;
Besides the English privateers swarmed o’er the
western main
And many a Spanish galleon gold-laden came not
again.

Day after day, in the Escuriel of trouble he could
hear;

“I swear by the beard of my father, it shall cost
them dear”;
And the word went out to assemble men from all his
wide domain,
From Cadiz unto Antwerp, from Peru unto Spain.

His ships were gathered from every port a hundred
thirty and three,
Their sailors crowded the quarter decks, their can-
non swept the sea;
They spread their sails one August day and pen-
nants on every ship
Fluttered as mighty gulls they moved seven miles
from tip to tip.

Brave Howard, what are you going to do with forty
sail and less?
Will you hide in the Friths of Scotia's coast or die
for good Queen Bess?
Elizabeth, you have waited long but your martial
words still ring
To your troops drawn up at Tilbury, “I've the
heart of an English King.”

On come the monster ships of Spain, today is the
Crack of Doom,
But Howard flies in the face of them and his can-
non boom, boom, boom!
The men-of-war like drunken sailors into each other
run
And from a score of the English line fire spurts
from every gun.

The spars are split, the decks run blood. Then
Howard's trumpet cried,

“Turn loose the fire-ships!” Demon like, they
drift on the rapid tide
And strike on the mass of tangled hulls; the blazing
spars now fall,
While the cannoneers jump aboard and the black
smoke covers all.

Then came the gale from the Biscan Bay and smote
them fore and aft
And the King of the fierce Euroclydon rode on the
wind and laughed;
The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the waves
rolled mountain high
But Howard and Drake and every ship rode safe
till the storm went by.

When Philip heard that his ships were wrecked on
rocks for a hundred miles,
That corpses thick as autumn leaves were heaped
on the Orkney Isles,
He meekly spoke his wisest words, at least they
seem to me:—
“I sent my ships to fight with ships but not with an
angry sea.”

Mad Philip and Bloody Mary, Michael stood that
day
On the chalk Cliffs of Dover and waved Spain's
power away,
And the ghosts of Horn and Egmont hovered o'er
Smithfield's plain
And Latimer's voice and Ridley's cried from the
fire again.

Ye royal knaves, whom men call kings, who sit on
tinsel thrones
And fill the world with myriad ills and whiten with
dead men's bones,
The Angel, that smote Herod, King Philip smote
again!
Surely "The Lord is done with you, give place to
better men."

THE DRUMMER'S WOOING

TOGETHER went they down the street
She young and beautiful and sweet
And he Apollo, but the bow
Was Cupid's, it is always so.

A hardware drummer of the staff
That always met each stern rebuff,
He learned to gauge the buyer's eyes
And meet objections, ifs and whys.

Love-making was a different thing,
And plucked the feathers from his wing;
"But still," said he, "I'll sail right in
And win the girl who has the tin."

To dearest words of love, she made
No indication of her mind, but said,
"With something from your ware will I
Unto your question make reply."

"I know your gentle heart is true
And loves the man who lives for you,
And some day, darling, some day fair—"
"I cannot answer on the square."

“That is a mason’s bond, I know,
But with a woman ’tis not so;
Man’s prosy methods give her pain
And bring to her”—“Your thought is plane.”

“My thought, indeed! My life I lay
Upon your altar, and the day
Will never come when love’s sweet law
Will cease to”—“That is an old saw.”

“Oh, heartless one, how can you speak
Words that would terrify a Greek?
The cannon’s mouth would not appall
My heart on fire”—“I know it awl.”

“If it were mine to live for you,
While grass is green and skies are blue
On love’s sweet voyage I would sail”—
“And to the mast your colors nail?”

“Oh, dearest, if you’d promise me
Some day my loving wife to be,
I’d live forever on your smile”—
“And hang my picture on a file?”

“Yes! with your picture hanging there
By all that’s holy, I declare
I’d live alone on love divine”—
“Now, you are hewing to the line!”

“For just one smile I’d cross the sea!
Nor tide nor tempest would there be
To blast my life if it were lit
By your dear eyes”—“A little bit?”

“No! I would want their rays divine
Forever on my path to shine.

Then, in life's darkest hour I'd be"—
 "Be careful of your augur-y."

"Yes, I'll be careful! Listen now,
 And heaven shall witness to my vow:—
 You are my life, my guiding star,
 My own, my darling!"—"Go ax pa!"

THE HIGHBROWS

WE often find a bunch in town
 Who've heired or crooked a pile
 Who meet one with an apish frown
 Or patronizing smile.
 Their bearing says, "I have the stuff,
 And you must sneeze when I take snuff."

They've robbed the poor by weight and rule
 The widows fleeced, but then
 They sit on Boards of Church and School
 And pass on honest men.
 What do they know, what do they care
 If they and their kin are ruling there?

They talk about what "daddy done
 Some forty year ago,"
 But speak not of the worthless son
 That they have raised—no, no!
 "The times have changed," they tell you now—
 From honest men to crook Highbrow.

They have the perjured bankrupt's creed,
 They break their honor's word,
 They foul their names for nasty greed
 And condemn the poor unheard;

Sunday, they sing in the choir or "bust,"
The other days, lie, cheat and cuss.

Look through a bunch of negroes now,
Where is the old-time "coon"?
Mulattoes! Their mammies whine, "Somehow
Dey wuz born on de light o' de moon!"
This may be so, but I remark
The Highbrows ramble after dark.

MEN, we're in a hell of a fix,
When things like these are true;
Between Highbrows and Bolsheviks
What are we coming to?
That bunch is hastening their fate;
Daddies of a Mulatto State.

THE LITTLE LEAF

A LITTLE leaf upon the ground
Dropped from the parent tree
A modest resting place had found
Forever there to be.

Once, it looked down with haughty pride
Upon the shrubs below;
Leaf from the oak, it thought, beside,
'Twould always live and grow.

Pardon, I ween, you will bestow
Upon this transient thing;
This feeling oftentimes you know—
But of the leaf I sing.

Time brought it full maturity;
No longer was there need

For leaves upon the acorn-tree
To grow the acorn-seed.

A question: Did this tiny leaf
Obscure within the wood
During its happy life so brief
Do any sort of good?

There, in its place upon the tree
It sheltered many a bird
Which thanked it with a minstrelsy
The poor leaf never heard.

And in the long, hot summer days
The heat from scorching west
Poured on the leaf its burning rays
Which screened the squirrel's nest.

The sick man lying on his bed
Restrained by racking pain
Heard music and was comforted
By fluttering leaf and rain.

Oh, little leaf, you'll never know
Your good beneath the sun,
Before you went so far below,
When all your work was done.

PRUDIE DUDINE

MISS PRUDIE DUDINE was the belle of the
town;
Quite charming she was in her day
As she rode in the car with young Sporty Hown,
And she wore as she rode a Parisian gown
That she bought in Avenue d'Orsay.

She had returned from a trip over sea
With trunks and portmanteaus galore,
She had cultured her voice in dear old Paris
And held a diploma from Madame Duplex
L'ange de la conservatoire.

And she had run over to grand old Berlin
Where Bach and Beethoven are taught
And week or two spent in sunny Vienne
In pounding the piano new honors to win
From stern Leschetizsky—for naught.

But when she returned she was laden with airs
That she didn't have when she went off;
Her nerves were so shattered they needed repairs,
She glided along with Terpsichorean airs
Of her dance master, Monsieur Tartoffe.

In six months her home-town was metamorphosed
And the things that she loved years ago
No longer the charm of her childhood disclosed
But ugly and backward the village reposed,
And for such a pianiste was too slow.

Would she sing in the choir? 'Twas horrid, indeed,
To join in a rabble like that!
A voice so divine with Caruso might speed,
But never a note for a village hayseed
In great Galli-Curci's E-flat.

And this is the bosh that we get from Paris
And the Kultur we get from Berlin;
She'd better stay home and rock a kiddee
Than to stow away junk like a heathen Chinee
In the loft where her brain should have been.

SIDNEY LANIER

SWEET singer of our Southern land
Whose harp-strings broke amid thy song,
To whom the palm and crown belong
By witchery of the master's hand,

How oft I think of thy hard lot
Which made thy muse a daily jade;
In poverty while wealth surveyed
The Man it comprehended not.

How oft I read each throbbing line
And feel the warmth that glows within
And from the Marshes of the Glynn
Reflects the artist's power divine.

No fatuous flame dost thou impart;
The noonday sun, the stars at night
Are symbols of thy spirit's light,
Thy ministers of holy art.

The little leaves whose voices dear
Begrudged thee even transient sleep
Still feel the zephyrs as they sweep
To make the music thou didst hear.

Little they knew, those nature friends,
Whom thou didst love, who so loved thee,
In realms of life abundantly
That death for them has made amends.

High-Priest of Art, thy wizard hand
Has struck the note that will not die
And fame and immortality
Are thine through ages to command.

Then wear the crown we gladly give,
 The deathless crown of circling bay;
 A king might cast his own away
 Thy Poet's homage to receive.

PROGRESS

IT is not always what we do,
 Less often what we think;
 The problem is, What shall we chew?
 And then what shall we drink?

In olden-times our ancestors
 These knotty problems found
 And solved them at the river, or
 Scratched them out of the ground.

And then some savage growing bold
 Found a cow's shoulder-blade
 And dug into the ground for coal—
 The daddy of the spade.

Then some one flinted out a rock
 And threw the bone away;
 Such an invention was a shock
 To all, the cave-men say.

Next century a genius found
 What no one else had thought,
 The shining iron in the ground
 And tools from this were wrought.

They always found the iron soft;
 But in his eager zeal
 Some worker heated it and oft
 His new output was steel.

A lazy toiler cast a plow
And made a woman pull;
Another yoked her with a cow—
Both thought it wonderful!

A toper made an iron pot
To boil the roots for beer
And when the stuff got boiling hot
Behold the steam appear.

They slowly built a steam machine
That worked by night and day
Until some guy with gasoline
Showed them a better way.

What next they'll do I do not say,
To prophesy is rash;
I hope they'll find some means to pay
Our debts without the cash.

THE TEMPLE OF THE SOUL

SOUL, art thou building every day
A lowly hovel by the way
As thou dost pass along?
Or dost thou build with noble art
To guard the jewels of the heart
A temple grand and strong?

Oh Soul, the temple thou shouldst build
Is not a city seven-hilled
As Rome by Tiber's flood,
Nor like the house that Nero built
Where every stone proclaimed the guilt
Of mortar set in blood.

Nor should the temple thou shalt build
Be like the one that David willed
But built by Solomon
Of Lebanon's strong cedar trees
Hewn out by Hiram's wise decrees
On old Moriah's stone.

Grand is the hoary pyramid
That Cheops built, wherein are hid
The treasures of his time,
And old Cephrenes' royal bones
Repose beneath the musty stones
He smoothed with sweat and grime.

But, Soul, the temple thou shalt build
With nobler treasures should be filled
Than kings' barbaric dust;
For wisdom mightier than gold
And faith triumphant shall behold
A mansion more august.

A ghostly hand at Babylon
As King Belshazzar's feast went on
Wrote swiftly on the wall;
But terror filled the gilded room
And changed his royal blood and bloom
To wormwood and to gall.

Thou needst, oh Soul, no Moslem mosque
Nor the muezzin's cool kiosk
Nor marble minaret,
Nor altar 'neath the golden dome
Of old Saint Peter guarding Rome
With gorgeous jewels set.

Nor shouldst thou build a Parthenon
Whose beauty and whose grace are gone

By time's austere decrees,
For Turk and Tartar have profaned
Athena's presence and have stained
The glorious shrine of Greece.

Victorious Cæsar proudly stood
In Roman Senate stained with blood
And felt himself supreme,
Nor deigned to give a serious thought
To what the Ides of March had brought
Or old Murena's theme.

But set at last his Nervian star,
Nemesis hurried from afar
Her fury to outpour,
And his Pharsalian glory gone
He crossed his Stygian Rubicon,
But Charon held the oar.

Be not, oh Soul, as Philip's son
Who lost his crown at Babylon
'Mid draughts of Lesbian wine,
For Alexandria's sands now hold
Immured in Median lead and gold
Dust Ammon judged divine.

The temple, Soul, that thou shouldst build
When with transcendent beauty thrilled
Should be love's Pantheon,
For richer music there will play
Than Memnon's harp at dawn of day
When Egypt's stars were gone.

Nor build as Bonaparte an arch
Neath which triumphant armies march
To crown a demi-god,

The sun of Austerlitz may rise
 To set behind the murky skies
 Of Waterloo in blood.

The silent Sphinx 'neath Egypt's skies
 Whose marble lips gave no replies
 To Cleopatra's pleas
 Sits silent still mid shifting sands
 And gives no answers to demands
 Of passing centuries.

The Taj Mahal stands all alone,
 A monument of snowy stone
 To her whose life had fled,
 But as the fleeting years go by
 That monument in dust will lie
 O'er the forgotten dead.

Soul, build no temple doomed to fall,
 Nay, build not at ambition's call
 As builders oft have done,
 But build a temple by thy faith
 Where life shall triumph over death
 In realms beyond the sun.

HYPATIA ¹

HYPATIA, queen of womanhood,
 Whose mortal life so soon was spent
 In efforts to make understood
 The glories of the firmament,

¹ Hypatia was a beautiful and cultivated woman who lectured on astronomy and wrote several scientific books. At forty, she was burned as a heretic in Alexandria, in 415, because she did not accept the geocentric theory of the Universe.

The good have grieved thy cruel fate,
The wise thy virtues now can see,
The good and wise, have come though late,
To place the martyr's crown on thee.

That crown of light upon thy brow
Dispersed by hate's improvidence
Has lit the centuries 'till now
'Tis merged into plenipotence.

Thou art a priestess now elsewhere
As in the realm of knowledge here,
But thou dost larger vision share
Unmixed with doubt, unawed by fear.

Nor will the hope thy name profane
That some day we may join with thee
Where the unknown may be made plain
And life be more than mystery.

Thus, faith speeds on with certain tread,
Like some bright sun now in eclipse,
To where the final hour is sped
Into the great Apocalypse.

And may we stand upon the peaks
That rise from the eternities
To see the primal orb that breaks
And lights abysmal darknesses,

Or speed our thought where never rule
The vain conceits that men have known,
Though still but in the vestibule
Of God's great temple, not alone.

All that we know or do not know,
All that we see or do not see,

By taper's glare, Orion's glow,
Through variant paths lead up to Thee.

We know not where the Presence is
Nor dare His mysteries to explore;
We know in light His shadow lies
And faith impels us to adore.

THE ISLANDS OF PEACE

A WONDERFUL stream is the river of time
Increasing in size as it goes,
It glides on its way since the earth was in prime
And into the future it flows.

Its rivulets run from the mountain and plain,
From the fens of the cypress and gloom,
From valleys engorged by the turbulent rain
And meads where the daffodils bloom.

We know not the time when its current began,
We know not the time it will cease,
But we know on its bosom the wayfaring man
Is borne to the Islands of Peace.

Yet, little we know of those far away Isles
Which we must inhabit some day,
But we hope for the best as we measure the miles
In moments that bear us away.

On the banks of the river are castles of stone,
The homes of the great and the grand;
There are huts of the poor whose names are un-
known,
Whose annals are writ in the sand.

But alike they embark on the wonderful stream,
Alike they are lost to our view,
And the life that they lived is to us but a dream,
Yet a dream that is holy and true.

There are gray-headed mothers whose angelic eyes
Like stars in our memory gleam,
There are fathers who joined them in race for the
prize
That waits at the end of the stream.

There are sisters and brothers who onward were
borne
In the days of their beauty and prime,
There are dear little children who left us forlorn
As they swept down the river of time.

Through the mists and the shadows we saw them
depart
In those distant regions to dwell
As we folded their hands above the still heart,
And wept as we bade them farewell.

Great is the lure of those Islands afar,
Away from earth's glamor and glare,
That we meekly surrender the life where we are
And embark for those regions so fair.

No wreckage abides on its current so calm,
No tempest to mar its control,
Its gondolas gliding through billows of balm
To the joy and repose of the soul.

And when we arrive at those far-away Isles,
Those Islands so fair and so blest,
Let us hope that our loved ones will greet us with
smiles
And welcome us into their rest.

THE HIDDEN HANDS

A BABY lay on a downy bed
With eyes distended wide
And gazed at waving roses red
And white that bloomed outside.
Unconscious was the little child
Of aught but roses there,
Nor knew a father looked and smiled,
And smiling breathed a prayer.

And what are we but children here
Swayed by the fleeting sense
Of things we see, regarded dear,
Ordained by Providence?
And though unseen the Father stands
Nor speaks in a voice we hear,
We are upheld by the hidden hands
Of One who is standing near.

THE MARNE

A HUNDRED miles the Germans lay
Along the sunny slopes of France,
While serried ranks in vast array
Came pouring onward night and day
With glittering gun and polished lance.

The dreadful silence soon is broke
And by a million murderous guns
The Hohenzollern tyrant spoke
In tones that through the world awoke
Eternal vengeance on the Huns.

On sweep the vipers of the blood
Spawned by the robber Zenghis Kahn
Defiant of the laws of God,
And drunk with endless lust for blood,
Contemptuous of the rights of man.

Tomorrow, Paris will be ours,
Tomorrow, France will bite the dust,
Tomorrow, those resplendent towers
Will see us garlanded with flowers
And we shall sate our German lust.

No! Not while God maintains his throne,
No! Not till France has felt the blight
Of cowardice; 'till the encircling zone
Of human hearts has left alone
Our brothers battling for the right.

No! Not 'till England's sun has set
On Cromwell and the peace he won,
Nor 'till Columbia can forget
That the immortal La Fayette
Is marching on with Washington!

Blot out the Lesson of the Years
And glorify the lust of Cain,
Oh, Vandals, drench the world with tears,
But Man has neither doubts nor fears,
For God will right all wrongs again.

SYMPATHETIC

HE lies upon the grassy sward
With arms extended wide,
His limbs are limp, his flesh is hard,
A bottle by his side.

“Why is it that the man has died?
Why should he suffer so?” she cried.

A stranger all unknown to us,
A hobo or a tramp,
Now, but a lump of painted dust
With pallid face and damp;
Why is it that his face is pale?
The bottle there will tell the tale.

His brow is high, his eyes are bright,
His hands are tender, soft;
His skin is clear and smooth and white,
His lips, I’m sure, have oft
Blessed with the glory of their wealth
Some dear one, when he was in health.

She spread a kerchief o’er his face,
Some salty tears beside,
And said, “I know that in this case (weeps)
Some secrets dark abide.
Ah! Has he lost exalted place—
Or forfeited some dear girl’s grace?”

“Or has misfortune frowned on him
And brought him to the brink
Of ruin? Or grief to the brim
Forbidden that he think?” (kerchief and tears)
The dead man said:—“Dat’s—hic—jest—er—
whim!

I wants er—hic—nuzzer—drink!” (exit!)

UNSATISFIED

THE day is past, the night has come
And darkness deep, profound
Has shut the distant hills from view

And in the fields around
Deep silence reigns. All is at rest
Except a something in my breast.

My real needs are all supplied,
My future seems assured,
I'm wiser than some years ago
By what I have endured;
What is it that I wish beside,
And why am I not satisfied?

That is a question often asked
But never finds reply,
And yet it seems something would give
The power to satisfy.
The question will be asked again,
Yet all its asking will be vain.

The heavens above, the earth beneath
Some secrets yield to us
From mighty planets as they go
To whirling cosmic dust.
But still, I wish to soar afar
And all things learn of sun and star.

Within I find a universe
Where wondrous powers dwell,
Thoughts that may lift me to the skies
Or drag me down to hell.
Whence are these powers, and who am I?
These answered, would that satisfy?

In vain I strike my outstretched wings
Against surrounding bars;
My thoughts go wandering through space

All nebulous with stars.
No answer science gives to me,
A microcosmic entity.

Had I the diamonds underneath
Golconda's wondrous state,
Or crowns and scepters everywhere
As Alexander Great,
Such tinsel gewgaws I would spurn
To know the truths for which I yearn .

Were I a ruthless doctrinaire
Possessed by fiery zeal,
Or were I Galen's wisest son
Inspired with power to heal
The pains of flesh, the ills of pride,
I could not thus be satisfied.

Had I the fame of Washington
Greatest in peace or war,
Or had I Cromwell's mighty arm
Born neath a lucky star,
Or like Napoleon naught denied,
Like them I'd be unsatisfied.

Were all the world my parish
As John Wesley great and good,
Or had I knowledge for my field
As Francis Bacon would,
Like Herschel, I would turn my eye
To higher worlds to satisfy.

There is no satisfaction here
Such as we might desire,
Though a consuming passion yearn
And burn like raging fire.

Yet in some other, nobler sphere
I may attain what is not here.

There, with the sages of the past
Who were my masters here
Progressing to the utmost goal
In holy light and clear,
Still learning what I have not tried,
I only can be satisfied.

THE GOSSIPERS

THE officers two women bring
One day into the court,
Both charged with idle gossiping,
According to report.

The judge said, "Ladies, I will hear
Just what you have to say;
Let now the simple truth appear—
Speak for yourselves, I pray."

The first one spoke. "I only know
What from a friend I heard,
Nor was I by temptation led
To add a single word."

The other wept. "I also know
What this good woman said,
And she admits she told me so;
And this I truly plead."

Then said the judge, "It doth appear
That both today be hung,
The listener swung up by the ear
The tattler by the tongue."

Then cried they both at the same time
 "Oh judge, you horrid thing,
 It makes me sick, when I have dined
 Upon a rope to swing!"

The judge replied, "I'll see to it
 That justice mercy brings,
 If you will promise me to quit
 Such idle gossipings.

"Now, ladies, think and then decide
 Just what you have to say."
 Then, both immediately replied
 "I'd rather hang today!"

A WISH

OH, were I but a little bird
 And thou another one
 Together we would fly,
 And I would whisper and each word,
 My dear, would be for thee alone—
 Alone, just thou and I.

And we would sit beneath the shade
 Where branch and vine have met
 Within the leafy grove,
 Thou, in thy gorgeousness arrayed
 And I adoring till the set
 Of sun, chirping of love.

And I would build a nest for thee
 Of twigs and downy moss
 Beneath the spreading leaf,
 And little nestlings there would be
 Within thy nest by zephyrs tossed
 Nor would my song be brief.

There we would watch the stars go down,
Would see the sun arise;
To thee, my queen, I'd sing;
Dewdrops would sparkle on thy crown
With rosy light within thine eyes,
And I would be thy—king.

THE POILU

'T IS a story of human sacrifice,
Where a soldier's valor won,
Of a slacker's lust and a woman's eyes
And a hero of Verdun.

Their humble home was at Rochelle
In the breeze of the sea and the sun,
With his child Aimée and his good wife, Belle,
'Till Der Tag of the hellish Hun.

The soft wind gently rocked his boat
As the fish swam in from the bay,
But no dearer cargo was ever afloat
Than Belle and petite Aimée.

A signal soon he sees on the shore
As though a bolt from the sky,
Jean cuts his fishnets, grabs his oar
And kisses them both goodbye.

To the armory goes he on a run.
For the uniform of a poilu,
His blanket, and kit, his knapsack and gun—
Oh, Belle, he would die for you!

For six months through the snow and rain
Came the hordes of the dreadful Hun,

But the heroic poilus again and again
Hurled them back from the gates of Verdun.

But the terrible time for Jean had come,
A Bertha drops from the skies!
In a moment some bits of exploded bomb
Bring blindness to both his eyes.

The word reached home that Jean was dead
And a slacker cast eyes at Belle,
What happened I never heard or read—
(If I knew I never would tell).

But Jean returned to his humble home,
And Belle weeps so—he is blind,
But the slacker failed not at times to come,
He knew he'd be hard to find.

Little Aimée sits upon Jean's knee;
"Whose is the voice that I hear?"
And peeping around the door, Aimée
Said, "Antoine Ledoux is here."

"Aimée, did you see the big rat run?"
"Non, mèn pere," said little Aimée;
"Go swiftly and bring my army gun,
Open the door—then run to play."

Jean calls the slacker, "Antoine Ledoux"!
"Here," said the coward, in fear;
"A soldier shoots at a noise, I hear you"—
And the gun rang loud and clear.

"Why do you bring poor, blind Jean here?"
(The officer) "He killed Ledoux;
A coward, a slacker and worse I fear!"
"You are free—the state thanks you."

Poor Jean saw not her blushes and charms
But he spoke not a word of blame;
She swooned, but he held her in his arms—
“Belle, mon ange, toujours je t’aime”!

THE SWINE-HERDER

JUST a few years or so
Led on by malice
A band of assassins go
To Serbia’s palace;
Then this assassin band,
No one to hinder,
Draga and Alexander
Hurl through the window.

Needed no sentry word,
Guards let them pass in,
Unsheathed the whetted sword
By the assassin.
Peter Karageorgevitch
Sprung from swine-herder
Now will determine which
Shall rule by murder.

Not an assassin red
Called to accounting,
By the swine-herder led
Now the throne mounting.
Europe stands quite aghast
At the intruder,
Forgetting that her past
Shows things far ruder.

In the peninsula
Christened the Balkan

Breaks out a mighty war
 In which now all can
 Join in a grand affray;
 What could be meeter
 Than begin right away
 With bloody Peter.

On through the slush and snow
 Comes the Bulgarian;
 Peter retreats below—
 Cause utilitarian;
 Turks to the east of him,
 Austrian and German
 Bright be his reign or dim
 Soon will determine.

Into Montenegro's
 Mountainous regions
 From Macedonia go
 Peter's sad legions.
 Back to the woods and bogs
 He once a king and rich,
 Back to his feeding hogs
 Goes Karageorgevitch.

ICHABOD

NO sorrow comes as unto those
 Who every joy have tasted
 From every cup that pleasure knows
 With every blessing wasted.

The carnal heart, the sensual eye,
 Earth's pleasures for a season
 The warning call of God defy,
 Nor heed the pleas of reason.

Bound hand and foot, they scout all aid
With sharp, sarcastic sentence
And boast that they have never prayed
And never need repentance.

Though for poor Esau's pot of herbs
Their birth-right they have bartered,
Why should the thought of death disturb
Them uniformed or gartered?

For such engrossed in low design
Ne'er raise their vision higher
To know the touch of the Divine
And his refining fire.

For them no Christian suns arise,
No happy song-birds singing,
No azure tints in evening skies,
No bells of conscience ringing.

Vain are Calpurnia's earnest pleas
Her wifely love adorning,
Vain is the Hand that writes decrees
For mad Belshazzar's warning.

And vainer still the insane wrath
Which Pharaoh's will discloses;
The Red Sea opens up a path
For God's elect and Moses.

Vainest is Herod's stern decree
Toward Ramah's children sleeping;
Michael bids his parents flee,
The infant Jesus keeping.

Unheeded the avenging rod
Upon such callous hearted;
Their legion name is Ichabod,
Their glory has departed.

THE HOROSCOPE

WE stood by the window
With no one to hinder,
For gazing at stars
We know seldom mars
Two hearts in communion
That contemplate union;
But quite the contrary,
We're much prone to tarry,
Our telescopes raising
And just keep on gazing.

It happened that night
That all things were right,
Yes, all things but one—
Of glass we had none.
The feelings ethereal,
The bodies sidereal,
No clouds in the sky
And the air clear and dry.
So, tonight and forever
We must settle or never
With the stars burning o'er us
The question before us.

But how could we hope
With no telescope
To sweep through the sky
With the unaided eye?

If we put our heads to it
We surely could do it,
For we've often heard say
If a will, there's a way.

And thus cogitating
Our mischance berating,
I saw in the dark
A flickering spark.
Ah! I said, "That's the thing—
Your bediamonded ring!"

Thus we stood, as I said,
By the window and read
What the stars in the sky
Would reveal to the eye—
Would reveal to two waiting
Hearts seeking their mating.

Ah, could you have seen her
Angelic demeanor,
You would have decided
Exactly as I did,
That never a creature
With lovelier feature
Than this fair Madonna
With the starlight upon her,
That never a woman
Had captured a true man,
And then by her capture
Had enthralled by such rapture
The slave at her feet
In submission complete.

You'd have made the admission
No picture of Titian
Or Praxiteles
Had such power to please;
Though his income a duke's is,
Apelles or Zeuxis,
Had he tried till he fainted,
Could never have painted
With tints from the skies
The bright gleam of her eyes.

But there was the star
In the distance afar;
Nor would I have blundered
Had I said a hundred
Were shining up there
In seeming despair,
In despair of our turning
Our eyes on their burning—
Those seeming bituminous
Bodies so luminous
Dispensing their light
In the depths of the night
That we might prognosticate
What should be our fate,
And by this prognosis
Determine if roses
Or thorns would be ours—
So ordained by the powers.

And that horoscope!
How I trembled with hope
And hoped as I trembled,
My feelings dissembled.
For, sweeping the sky
Through the ring with her eye,

Now lower, now higher
With eyes flashing fire
To ask from those beaming
Stars sparkling and gleaming
What vision declare
To her soul waiting there,
What destiny stating
To my heart palpitating.

Then, she looking at me,
Said, "Two stars do I see,
One small, but as bright
As a diamond its light,
One larger, whose rays
Like a sun-burst ablaze;
In the sky there I found them
With a ring all around them!"

Too astonished to speak,
I hastened to seek
A full confirmation;
For such demonstration
Would confirm my opinion
Of stellar dominion
Over souls such as ours,
And that pre-natal powers
By some combination
Had ordained our relation
For better or worse
In this universe;
An old-time opinion
That has long held dominion
Over horoscope makers—
Too often but fakirs.

What savant or king
Ever had such a ring?
A ring to locate
In the heavens his fate
And by this locating
His destiny stating?
For plainly I saw
Mixed with rapture and awe,
Yes, I saw in a minute
A ring with stars in it!
And near by the rim, or
The edge although dimmer,
Two stars brightly shining
And clearly defining
That they were related—
Celestially mated!

That look was the last,
For the die was now cast;
Our fears now were ended,
Our destinies blended
And no man's endeavor
Our hearts could dissever
Or break the sweet union
Of souls in communion.

To the altar I led her
And by the ring wed her
And the halo around her
Is just as I found her—
Her eyes full of hope
Glow in love's horoscope.

WHERE ALL ROADS COME TOGETHER

NO difference the spin of the weather
In city, on mountain or heather,
In the city of Rome
Or place we call home,
There's a place where all roads come together.

There's a baby just born, and is crying,
There's a woman that's swooning and dying;
There are friends standing near
To both of them dear,
Farewell—and two mute lips replying

There's a clap! and a bolt has descended,
A groan, and a dear life has ended;
There's a woman who kneels
And a failing pulse feels,
And a loss all uncomprehended.

There's a church full of serious people,
And a bell that will toll in the steeple;
There's a steel wagonette
And a box on it set,
That henceforth his ashes will keep all.

There's a prayer and a song and a sermon
And the clergyman soon will determine
How good he was, why,
(For the bad never die)
And then the omnivorous vermin.

There are some kind-hearted folks weeping
As they look on the face of the sleeping;
There's a sound on the street
Of autos and feet—
(In the old time they went away creeping).

There's a grave all covered with flowers,
They will wilt in twenty-four hours
And soon they will rot,
(And both be forgot)
Ere the clods are dissolved by the showers.

Soon the heirs will exhibit their mettle
And call in the lawyers to settle,
And they hum and haw
Over hair-splitting law—
(As they wink at the fish in the kettle).

No difference the spin of the weather
In city, on mountain or heather,
As the wide world we roam,
Mid the comforts of home,
At the grave-pit all roads come together.

THE END

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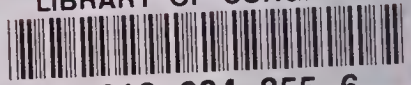
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ERRATA

- Title Page—Omit Jacksonville, Texas.
“ “ Texas Christian University.
Page 23—That Menelaus
“ 28—For Theatis—Thetis
“ 32—For feller—fellow
“ 60—For defy—defies
“ 74—They buried them all
“ 74—Comrades In Arms is a part of The Sacrifice and should follow it immediately.
“ 81—be swept away
“ 117—Will never change
“ 134—For Plantagenet—a young Tudor
“ 143—For staff—stuff
“ 177—For \$1.50—\$1.75

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